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"The Gift Outright"

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
in Massachusetts, in Virginia;
But we were England's, still colonials,
Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
[The deed of gift was many deeds of war],
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was, such as she would become.

-Robert Frost

Defending the fort at Plimoth Plantation. -Cathy Olson photo.

Dimitry pushing for Massachusetts Technology Park in area

by Judy Sirski

President John R. Dimitry conferred with James M. Howell, recent appointee to the Massachusetts Board of Regents, on Friday, Nov. 19, to discuss reasons why a Massachusetts Technological Park should be located on or near Northern Essex Community College.

Citing strategic location of most colleges near major highways, Dimitry said, "If the park is laid northwest of Boston, in the area known as Merrimack Valley, then it will be accessible to a great transportation network. Not only that, but Logan Airport is crucial to high technology and only about 55 minutes away. Most high tech materials are shipped by air. In fact, more than half of what Wang produces is shipped overseas."

Stressing the significance of the park to the New England area, Dimitry noted, "Although it would be called the Massachusetts Technological Park, it would actually be a New England Technological Park. NECC is located right on the boundary between Northern New England and Southern New England. If the project is to serve six states, then it must be located in Massachusetts but should be positioned correctly. It would be ideally situated next to or on our campus, but should at least be in the Merrimack Valley."

Dimitry believes that there is an increasing need in the Commonwealth for scientific, technical, vocational and computer education among adults who must update skills or be retrained to meet the rapid changeover of occupational

skills necessary to the high tech industry. One way to meet this need, Dimitry said, is to "foster exchanges between community colleges and nearby technical schools." Pointing to NECC's two year cooperative relationship with the Greater Lawrence Regional Vocational Technical School as a model of effective collaboration, he remarked, "The Lawrence Vocational school has more equipment than we do, and the computer capacity there is greater. Since 1981, we have been teaching more and more courses at its campus. As I told Howell, anyone can see this simply by checking NECC's catalogue."

Referring to Governor Edward King's recent decision not to reappoint Elizabeth Rollins, the only black representative on the 15 member Board of Regents, Dimitry said, "That is a mistake. She knows a great deal about education and it is an error to have any 15 member board with no minority members. Now there is only one woman on the board. The imbalance is overwhelming."

Dimitry said other regents not reappointed are David Peresky, George Hazzard, and George Ellison. New appointees besides Howell are Nicholas Boraski, vice president and general manager, First National Bank, Boston; Edward T. Sullivan, Business Manager, Service Employees of International Union AFL-CIO; and Gerard F. Doherty, esquire, Boston.

Dimitry is optimistic about Governor-elect Michael S. Dukakis' attitudes towards higher education. "His position

Tuesday, Nov. 23
Transfer College Day today

Transfer College Day will take place at Northern Essex on Tuesday, Nov. 23, in the Cafeteria from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Representatives of participating private local and Boston area colleges and state colleges from both Massachusetts and New Hampshire will be on hand to speak with students interested in transferring to four year programs.

Transfer College Day offers students an opportunity to speak directly with the personnel of the college of their choice. They can learn what credits they have accumulated that are acceptable for transfer and the best courses to follow in future semesters.

Questions about tuitions, financial aid, curriculum and college requirements, even transportation can be answered.

Private local and Boston area colleges participating will be Babson, Bentley,

Boston College, Boston University, Bradford, Curry, Eastern Nazarene, Emerson, Emmanuel, Gordon, Harvard-Radcliffe, Lesley, Mass. College of Pharmacy, Mass. Institute of Technology, Merrimack, Nason, New England College, New Hampshire College, Northeastern University, Notre Dame, Regis, Rivier, Simmons, St. Anselm's, Stonehill, Suffolk, Tufts, Wellesley, Wentworth Institute of Technology, and Wheelock College.

Participating Massachusetts State Colleges are, Bridgewater, Fitchburg, Framingham, North Adams, Salem, Westfield, Worcester, Lowell University, U. Mass., Amherst, U. Mass., Boston, and South-eastern Mass. U.

Participating New Hampshire State Colleges are, University of New Hampshire, Keene State and Plymouth State.

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Community College

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Houses at Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, Mass.

-Carl Russo photo.

sounds very good," said Dimitry. "Public higher education is under his control as he appoints members to the Board of Regents. That means that in four years, a governor may replace 80 percent of the Board he inherits. He also names the Regent's chairman. Yet, Dukakis takes education seriously and wants to assure that public higher education is relevant to the economic needs of the state," Dimitry said.

"After all, why educate people only to have them become unemployed? In 1976, Dukakis freed half a million dollars for CETA programs. Now, we must pull together the needs of the state. There are nursing, engineering, and office jobs that can be filled. We must not produce graduates for areas in which there is no promise," the president said.

All schools receiving funds are required by federal statute to do follow up studies on their graduates. "We track back three years, two years, as well as checking where students are placed immediately after graduation. The information is sent to Washington, but we examine it here as well. The theory is that these studies evaluate our effectiveness."

"If we examine certain programs—for example nursing—and discover that a high percentage of our graduates go into gerontology, then we know that there is a need to strengthen our course offerings in this area."

"In general," Dimitry continued, "I see the most expansion to be in the Math Department. There will be a growth of math majors over the next 10-20 years."

After all, math is the language of science and engineering."

Commenting on recent faculty evaluations done by students, Dimitry explained that these are considered seriously by faculty and staff development advisors. "You must remember, however, that there are other considerations involved. We are dealing with personalities and attitudes. Some teachers are tough or have very high standards and students may resent this. Also, some subjects are inherently more interesting to students than others. These factors are all considered. Our priority is, as always, effective education."

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Campus news

McGovern speaks to Criminal Justice students

by Judy Sirski

State Senator Patricia McGovern spoke to Criminal Justice students on Tuesday, Nov. 9 at the Learning Resource Center Conference Area. "Everything we do in our lives comes under law," she said. "Until this year, the Massachusetts legislature had a joint standing Judiciary Committee which was merely an 'umbrella' committee for civil law and criminal law. This year, we have a separate criminal justice division."

Unlike the federal government, the Massachusetts legislature has co-chairpersons. McGovern is the senate chairperson while Paul White, Dorchester, is the House chairperson. The two sit jointly, presiding over joint hearings, says McGovern.

McGovern discussed the technical process of how legislation is made. Using the drunk driving laws as an example, she noted that "every now and then, some piece of legislation grabs the public's imagination. This is the case with the so-called drunk driving laws. National and local media 'discovered' that, time after time, defendants were found not guilty even after second offenses. "Sixty Minutes," "20/20," and the Boston Globe all did pieces on drunk driving. In response to public outcry, Governor Edward King set up a task force that reported legislation should be filed."

"In Massachusetts, we have the public hearing system. So, when legislation is proposed, it passes to a standing committee through the clerk's office. If the legislation was proposed by a member of the Senate, then it must be sent to the Senate Clerk and be logged in at the joint committee which considers how the bill changes the present law and whether the bill is constitutional before making an analysis."

A public hearing at the State House is

scheduled and a list of these hearings may be checked in the Legal Documents Room there. Special interest groups, lobbyists, or even concerned citizens may testify at the hearings before a vote is taken.

"At this point," McGovern says, "the committee may 'bury' a bill by suggesting it be 'studied.' In some cases, as in considering laws against computer crime, a genuine study is involved and staff members are assigned to the case. Or, the 'study' simply might mean shelving the matter."

"The bill may even be discharged to another committee," continues McGovern. "The process is slow and deliberate to allow time for thinking. That is why the bill is always read three times in the House. The whole process can be stopped at any of the readings. But once enacted in both branches, the bill goes on to the governor who can sign it or veto it all or in part."

"The bottle bill," McGovern points out, "was partially vetoed and turned back to the legislature where it passed and became law. The bottle bill is a grass roots effort that took nine years to become effective. But people can make a difference if they get involved."

McGovern cited the need for more involvement by people in the criminal justice field. "We need more input from law enforcement personnel in order to create effective legislation," she says. "However, both sides are at fault. The community must reach out to them, as well."

Encouraging students to visit the State House and to speak with their representatives, McGovern invited them to check the Senate Journal in the Legal Documents Room for the dates when local bills will be read.



Senator Pat McGovern.

McGovern holds a bachelor's and a law degree from Suffolk University and has worked with the Attorney General's Office and the Massachusetts Defender's Office. She is currently co-chairperson of the Criminal Justice Committee and was just named as one of 20 advisors to Governor-elect Michael S. Dukakis' transition team.

One of Dukakis' earliest Lawrence supporters, and now member of the governor-elect's transition team, McGovern noted that she will probably be confronted with screening 140-150 applicants for key jobs in the new administration. Some appointments may be filled in the next couple of weeks, she says.

Along with Representative Kevin Blanchette, McGovern was instrumental in obtaining a special state supplemental budget which provides funds to make higher education more available to Lawrence area minorities. As a result of this project, the Northeast Consortium of Colleges and Universities in Massachu-

setts (NECCUM) will move its office from Salem State College to Catholic High School. The consortium will work with local institutions such as Merrimack College and University of Lowell to bring programs and courses into the city of Lawrence.

McGovern's appearance at Northern Essex was arranged by Bruce A. MacDougall, Methuen Police Department, and instructor of Criminal Justice. Commenting on McGovern's remarks about the need for police involvement in the creation of effective legislation, he pointed out that the Massachusetts Police Association and the International Brotherhood of Police Officers are aware of the problem. "Presently there are two legislative agents whose job it is to lobby at the State," MacDougall says. "The International Brotherhood is forming a President's Council made up of local police union presidents. This Council will make our views known at the State House."

Officers making plans

by Jana Brown, and Danny Gordon

The Student Council has many plans for the 1982-83 year. Among those ideas are improving campus facilities, communication with the Council, and improving student activities. The officers for the 1982-83 year are Kara Purdie, president; Franklin Hobbs, vice president; Laura Boucher, secretary; and Mark St. Hilaire, treasurer.

Kara Purdie, Newburyport, is a Liberal Arts major. She enjoys reading, movies, and politics. Kara would like to see a stronger, more effective Student Council with more active involvement in student affairs by all the students. Kara thinks the school needs better parking facilities and better utilization of the facilities Northern Essex already has. She hopes to become an elementary school teacher, and eventually plans on owning and managing her own day-care center.

Franklin Hobbs, Haverhill, is a Business Transfer major. His outside interests include church choir and music. Franklin would like to see the needs of the students of Northern Essex met during his term in office. Franklin would someday

like to have his own hotel/restaurant.

Laura Boucher is a Business Management major. Laura has lived in Haverhill since grammar school. She recently started a match book collection, and her other interests include waterskiing, swimming, fishing, and snowskiing. Laura describes herself as basically a "summer" person. She thinks being on the Student Council has made her more aware of the existing problems on campus. Among other things Laura would like to see the cafeteria and student activities improved. Laura's long range goal is to have her own business.

Mark St. Hilaire is a life long resident of Chelmsford. He is a Criminal Justice major who enjoys studying both state and federal government. Mark's hobbies are writing, daily exercise, sports, and listening to "good" music. He would like to improve the communication gap between the Council and the students. He thinks Northern Essex needs to have more school spirit and self-pride. Mark would like to find a challenging career when he completes his education.



The 1982 NECC Student Council. Seated: Kelly Keough, Laurie Boucher, Jennifer Morris, and Sheri Nichols. Standing: Mike Bevilacqua, Rebecca St. Onge, Steve Pottle, Mark St. Hilaire, Franklin Hobbs, Cindy Merrick, Don Turcotte, and Kara Purdie.

-Carl Russo photo.

Student Council not satisfied with 60/40 split

by Jeff Wilson

At its Nov. 17 meeting, the student council met to discuss a proposal to have students pay 60 percent of expenses on all club trips with the remaining 40 percent paid from student activity fund money allotted to each club.

The discussion was occasioned when council members questioned why the contemporary affairs club could send four students on a virtually all-expense paid trip to the United Nations last year, while members of the program board had to pay for 60 percent of their expenses on their trip to Grosinger, New York.

Director of Student Activities Steve Michaud told the council that many schools have double standards in which business trips, such as the student government trip intended to benefit all students, are paid for by activity funds, and recreational trips, such as those taken by the ski club, are partially paid for by the students attending.

The issue was tabled until the next meeting.

Michaud asked for volunteers to organize bus trips for visiting various museums, shows and sporting events in Boston. Mike Bevilacqua and Cindy Merrick agreed to assist Michaud.

Council member Don Turcotte brought up the problem of illegal posters being put up around the school. He said all posters must be approved by the Student Activities Office and all approved posters are stamped. Turcotte would like to warn students about the validity of these illegal posters and urges students to ignore them.

Council members were asked to tear down any illegal posters or posters displayed in areas not designated.

Also briefly discussed were the responsibilities of council members, a December raffle to benefit victims of cerebral palsy, and the Dec. 8 All College Day.



Student Council officers Frank Hobbs, Mark St. Hilaire, Laura Boucher [standing]; Kara Purdie [seated].

-Carl Russo photo.

Campus news

Financial aid information offered

Pell Grant Special Condition Forms are available

If your family's financial situation has recently changed for the worse because of death, divorce, or loss of income, you may need to fill out the Pell Grant Special Condition Form, even if you have already applied for a Pell Grant. This may be the right form for you if one of these six things is true:

1. You worked full-time (at least 35 hours a week) for at least 30 weeks in 1981, but you are not working full-time now.
2. A parent or your spouse, who earned money in 1981, has lost his or her job for at least 10 weeks in 1982.
3. A parent or your spouse, who earned money in 1981, has not been able to earn money (for at least 10 weeks in 1982) in the usual way. This must be the result of either a disability or a natural disaster that happened in 1981 or 1982.
4. You, your spouse, or parent, who received unemployment compensation or some type of non-taxable benefit in 1981, has completely lost that compensation or benefit for at least 10 weeks in 1982. Non-taxable benefits include things like social security benefits, court-ordered child support, non-taxable retirement or disability benefits, welfare benefits, and Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC or ADC).
5. You have already applied for a Pell Grant and, since that time, you or your parents have gotten divorced or separated.
6. You have already applied for a Pell Grant and, since that time, a parent or your spouse has died.

If you are in one of these situations, you may meet one of the "special conditions" that will allow you to use this form. Copies of the Pell Grant Special Condition Forms are available in the Financial Aid Office, Room B-204.

Tomorrow, Nov. 24, is last day to see your advisor

Final Examination/Class Meeting Schedule Day Division - Fall 1982

Instructions: The date and time of your final examination or final class meeting can be determined by referring to the chart below. Assignments are based on the *first hour and first day* the course regularly meets. Your final meeting will be held in the room you currently occupy during your first hour. The Registrar will contact faculty if a time or room change is necessary. Please contact the Registrar's Office, Room B216, Extension 242, if you have any questions.

If the first hour of your class meets on this day and time...

...then your final examination or final meeting is scheduled for:

Monday:		
8:00	Monday, Dec. 20	8:00-10:30
9:00 or F, 9-11:45*	Wednesday, Dec. 22	8:00-10:30
10:00 or M, 9-11:45	Monday, Dec. 20	2:00-4:30
11:00 or W, 9-11:45	Tuesday, Dec. 21	11:00-1:30
1:00 or F, 1-3:45	Wednesday, Dec. 22	2:00-4:30
2:00	Thursday, Dec. 23	8:00-10:30
3:00	Thursday, Dec. 23	2:00-4:30
Tuesday:		
8:00	Tuesday, Dec. 21	8:00-10:30
9:00 or Tu, 9-11:45	Thursday, Dec. 23	11:00-1:30
10:00	Thursday, Dec. 23	11:00-1:30
11:00 or Th, 9-11:45	Wednesday, Dec. 22	11:00-1:30
12:00	Monday, Dec. 20	11:00-1:30
1:00 or Tu, 12-2:45	Monday, Dec. 20	11:00-1:30
2:00 or Th, 12-2:45	Tuesday, Dec. 21	2:00-4:30
Saturday morning classes:	Saturday, Dec. 18	9:00-11:30

*Indicates that part-time or three-hour type course will have meeting on date indicated.

Senate approves \$25 million increase to students

by Phyllis Pucci

On Monday, Nov. 8, the state Senate approved and sent to the House Ways and Means Committee a bill that would provide \$44 million in financial aid to Massachusetts students for the 1983-84 school year. The present appropriation for financial aid is \$19 million.

The bill, S. 2099, includes an increase to existing financial aid programs, as well as funding for three new programs. If no action is taken by Dec. 31, the bill could die in the Ways and Means Committee, according to the Massachusetts Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators (MASFAA).

The Student Scholarship Assistance Program essentially would increase the state scholarship program by \$14 million to a total of \$29 million, raising the award levels from a minimum of \$300 to \$500 per student, and the maximum from \$900 to \$1250 per student. The maximum award would not exceed one half of tuition costs.

Additionally, the bill calls for an increase in funding of \$2 million for the Matching Scholarship Grant Program, which matches scholarships offered by private schools with state funds.

The three new programs included in the legislation are: a Massachusetts Work Study Program, providing \$5 million for a work study program that would require a 33 percent match by the employer; a Graduate Student Loan Program, providing \$3 million for grants to graduate students, requiring that at least \$1 million be matched at a 50 percent level by private business and industry; and a Low Income Assistance Program, which would provide \$1 million in assistance to public aid recipients who are heads of households. A provision in the bill would specify no reduction in benefits received under Aids to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC).

The Board of Regents would be required to submit a plan which outlines the scholarship aid program to the House and Senate Committees on Ways and Means by Jan. 14, 1983.

A similar bill was introduced last April, but died after being referred to the House Ways and Means Committee. That bill was tied to an increase in the state tax on cigarettes, and was opposed by the cigarette industry. The new bill, S. 2099,

designates no specific source of revenue to pay for the additional funding, but Sen. Chester Atkins, chairman of the Senate Ways and Means Committee, believes that revenues will grow sufficiently to pay for the \$25 million increase in financial aid.

Director of Financial Aid Dick Pastor encourages students to contact their state representatives to show their support for the new legislation.

Below is a sample letter which students may wish to use, along with a list of local representatives.

Dear _____

I am currently a student at Northern Essex Community College in Haverhill. I am very concerned about my ability to continue paying for my educational expenses.

I request that you support Senate Bill 2099, an act creating the Student Scholarship Assistance Program.

My understanding is that the Student Scholarship Assistance Program will provide additional state support to balance the financial needs of undergraduate and graduate students in public and private colleges. The Program will provide assistance to students in the form of a new Massachusetts Work-Study Program, a Graduate Student Loan Program, and a Low Income Assistance Program, in addition to supplementing the current Massachusetts State Scholarship Program.

With the current uncertainty and delays facing students who need federal student financial assistance, I believe that the State of Massachusetts should make a strong commitment to further the educational opportunities of its residents and future leaders. The State should do all it can to maintain its position of a leader in higher education. The investment that is now made will enable each individual student a chance at a better economic future.

A community college, such as Northern Essex, provides an alternative for all students, but post-secondary educational opportunities, particularly for the disadvantaged, are being threatened by federal budget cuts not just in student aid, but in Social Security, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Medicaid, Food Stamps, and Vocational Rehabilitation.

Your support for S. 2099 will greatly assist in alleviating the financial crises of paying for a college education, and will assist in making college attendance a choice, rather than a privilege.

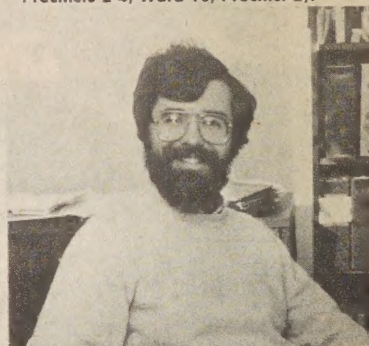
Sincerely,

Student Signature
Hometown

Address your letter to the State House, Boston, MA 02133

Senators include: Robert Buell (R)-Andover (Precincts 6-8), Buxford, Essex, Georgetown, Gloucester, Hamilton, Ipswich, Manchester, Middleton, Newbury, North Reading, Reading (Precincts 1, 2, 6-8); Rockport, Rowley, Topsfield, Wenham, Wilmington; Patricia McGovern (D)-Andover (Precincts 1-5), Billerica, Lawrence, Tewksbury; Sharon M. Pollard (D)-Amesbury, Groveland, Haverhill, Merrimac, Methuen, Newburyport, North Andover, Salisbury, West Newbury; Phillip L. Shea (D)-Dracut, Dunstable, Grafton, Lowell, Pepperell, Shirley, Tyngsboro, Westford.

Representatives include: Michael Barrett (D)-North Reading, Reading, Wilmington (Precinct 3); Kevin Blanchette (D)-Lawrence (Wards 1-4; 5, Precincts 1, 3, 6, 7); Nicholas Buglione (D)-Methuen; Forrester A. Clark, Jr. (R)-Buxford, Essex, Hamilton, Ipswich, Middleton, Topsfield, Wenham; Gerald M. Cohen (D)-Andover, Lawrence (Ward 5, Precincts 2, 4, 5, 8; Ward 6, Precinct 6); Nicholas J. Costello (D)-Amesbury, Newburyport, Salisbury; Frank A. Emilio (D)-Haverhill (Wards 1, 2, 4); Bruce N. Freeman (R)-Chelmsford, Tyngsboro; John Gray (R)-Georgetown, Groveland, Haverhill (Ward 3), Merrimac, Newbury, Rowley, West Newbury; Joseph N. Hermann (D)-Lawrence (Ward 6, Precincts 1-5, 7-9), North Andover; Nicholas Lambors (D)-Dracut, Lowell (Ward 5; Ward 6, Precincts 2, 4; Ward 9); Edward A. LeLacheur (D)-Lowell (Ward 1; Ward 2, Precincts 2-4; Ward 3, Precincts 1, 2, 4; Ward 4, Precinct 2; Ward 8, Precinct 1; Ward 10, Precincts 1, 3, 4; Ward 11); James R. Miceli (D)-Tewksbury, Wilmington (Precincts 1, 2, 4-6); Michael J. Rea, Jr. (D)-Billerica; Susan Rourke (D)-Lowell (Ward 1, Precinct 1; Ward 3, Precincts 3, 5; Ward 4, Precincts 1, 3, 4; Ward 6, Precincts 1, 3, 5; Ward 7; Ward 8, Precincts 2-4; Ward 10, Precinct 2).



Student Activities Director Steve Michaud.
-Carl Russo photo.

All College Day to be Dec. 8

by Debbie Kealey

All College Day, essential for returning students, and a time for socializing, is Wednesday, Dec. 8. The action begins at 8:30 a.m. All students expecting to be enrolled next semester are to register on this date. Students are to report to the first floor (tiled lounge) at the College Center. Entrance will be by appointment only.

The appointment card which indicates the time to register is to be obtained in advance at the Registrar's office. To secure the card, the student is to return the pink copy of the registration form, the form given him by his advisor.

All students are to have contacted their advisors before Nov. 24.

The Registrar's Office has estimated that 3,500 students will be participating at All College Day.

Those failing to complete their registration Dec. 8 will be dropped from classes they've signed for during sessions with advisors.

No tuition or fees are needed to register on Dec. 8. When the students' schedules are confirmed, the Bursar's Office will mail itemized bills to be paid no later than Monday, Jan. 3.

Director of Student Activities Steve Michaud has announced a variety of activities planned for All College Day.

Recreation at the College Center is scheduled as follows:

1. Movie. "Harold and Maude," 9-11, 2-4, Tiled Lounge.
2. Tattoo You. Handdrawn non-permanent tattoos. Have your favorite tattoo drawn on your leg, arm and face, 10-2, fee \$1.
3. Antique Images. Dress in old fashioned attire and have your pictures taken. Individual and group shots available.
4. Tarot Card Reader. Have your fortune read. 10-2.
5. Christmas Bake and Craft Sale. Start your Christmas shopping and sample a variety of holiday baked goods.
6. Singer Marc Block. He'll get you singing and clapping. 11-2.
7. Club Fair. All clubs have been invited to share, sell and demonstrate their wares.
8. Movie Shorts. While you're waiting in the Dining Hall, there will be movie shorts for your enjoyment.
9. Video games. The games will be in operation at the Game Room.

Creative Arts

Thompson lectures on the 'Alexander Technique'



Lester Thompson teaches Alexander Technique to Phil Dirago. -Carl Russo photo.

by Dan Lyons

Lester "Tommy" Thompson is a man who has dedicated his life to relationships. The relationships with which he is concerned are not what you'd expect, however. Thompson is interested in man's relationship to his environment, and the body's relationship to gravity.

In NECC's carpeted lounge on Friday, November 12, 18 people came to hear Thompson speak at the first of three sessions. They came to increase their "awareness." They came to learn the "Alexander Technique."

Almost all who attended were dancers, hopeful that the three day program would help them in some way. Many were unsure of what exactly they would achieve.

Thompson, who resigned from Tufts University to devote more of his attention to the Alexander Technique, admitted that he didn't really understand the technique for about three years. "It's not an exercising program," he said. "It is a way of being in harmony with the environment around you. To understand it, you just have to experience it."

"We are always in an environment," he said, "and thus, there's always a relationship between man and his environment. There is also one universal force surrounding us at all times - gravity. Therefore there is always a relationship between man and gravity."

"We have to use ourselves to accomplish what we want to do. We

either act in harmony with gravity or we don't. In between is frustration, and pain," he told the group.

The Alexander Technique centers on the relationship of the head and neck to the torso. It all began with the work of F. Matthias Alexander, nearly a century ago. Alexander was an actor, who, though relatively successful, was finding that during engagements his voice would begin to fail him near the end of his performance. When doctors could find nothing wrong with him, he decided that he must have been doing something wrong. He proceeded to watch himself in a set of mirrors as he spoke, to see if there was some recurring pattern that could be the cause of his problem.

He soon noticed one thing. As he spoke, his neck muscles would tighten, thereby pulling his head back and down. He also noticed that if this action was avoided, his voice did not fail. All was fine until the young actor realized that his senses could not be relied upon. Indeed, when he felt that his head and neck were properly positioned, they were in fact still down and back.

Alexander set out to devise a manner of recognizing what his movements actually were, and developing a sense of his body's relationship to its surroundings, and the Alexander Technique was born.

Alexander's work was carried on by Frank Pierce Jones, who died in 1975. Thompson is now continuing the work.

Thompson began his session Friday night by explaining to the group that all of

us have certain learned behavior patterns that are unnecessary; not only are they a waste of energy - they can also sometimes interfere with the activity we are trying to perform.

"The Alexander Technique is a way of recognizing these actions and eliminating them from our routine," he said. "Whenever major dominant reflexes are interfered with, it affects the whole."

Thompson had his "students" lie on the floor, heads propped up on pillows, and instructed them to sense the muscle groups in their bodies, and to feel the way in which they were being affected by gravity, from head to toe. He then had them stand up, with a newly-acquired sense of their relationship to gravity.

"Now do some sort of physical activity that you normally do," he said, "and see if it feels different." There were mixed reactions; some felt invigorated, while others experienced considerable pain in the head and neck region. Thompson explained that some might experience pain, because "you're freeing up areas that you've been blocking out for a long time. The pain will go away as you become more accustomed to your sense of movement."

There were indications that the Alexander Technique does work. As one student who took Thompson's course last summer said, "It made me more aware of everything around me. I hear things differently now; the way I relate to other people has changed. The course was also a tremendous help to my dancing."



Elizabeth Desmarais as Yucca Conklin and Linda Burns as Paula Tisset in "My Cup Runneth Over." -Carl Russo photo.

One act plays have variety

by Skip Auffrey

The Northern Essex Community College Drama Club presented three one-act plays last Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights in the Top Notch Theatre.

The first play, "Hello Out There," starred Steve Columbo as a young man out of luck in a small Texas town, and Denise Baillargeon as the young girl who believed in him. Supporting actors in the Saroyan play were Chris Plumley and Lisa Gagnon. The director was John Torrisi and the stage manager was Lynda Garrett.

The second show, a mime performance, evolved around the theme of the human condition in relation to machines and modern technology. Robots, outer space paraphernalia and television actors took part in what became a conglomerate of living machines. Players were Alberto

Gomez, Lisa Ferronetti, Ann Marie Palmieri, Sharon Petelle, Kiera Putnicki and Ray Tremblay.

The closing play, "My Cup Runneth Over" by Robert Patrick was a comedy with lively fun. Linda Burns played the hard working writer trying to get an article in Cosmopolitan Magazine, and Elizabeth Desmarais was the spacey, punk-rocking singer who became an overnight sensation when she filled in for a sick friend. Michael Sullivan directed the play and Chris Plumley was stage manager.

The evening was one packed with variety. It included serious melodrama, the magic of mime, and a bellybusting comedy wind-up. The students did a professional job, aided by Drama Director Gene Boles.



Karen Valasco who will perform with dancers at Student Dance Benefit Dec. 3. -Carl Russo photo.

Program to benefit Dance Department

by Jeff Wilson

A program of student work for the benefit of the Northern Essex Dance Department will be presented Friday, Dec. 3, at 8 p.m. in the school gym. Performers are students of Elaine Mawhinney-Webb.

Featured soloists are Carmel Perino and Karen Valasco.

Perino, Haverhill, dance major at the college, will present a combination of modern and jazz to the music *Past-Time Paradise* by Stevie Wonder. She has been dancing since she was 4 and spent two years majoring in dance at Point Park College, Pennsylvania. She has also studied for a number of years with Sylvia Clay, Haverhill.

Valasco, Chelmsford, will present a number titled "And I am Telling You," from the Broadway musical *Dream Girls*. During the Christmas holiday, Valasco will be performing with Broadway Babies in Las Vegas.

She has performed with Town and Country, a Salem, N.H. dance company, for five years and also with Boston Ballet. She hopes someday to make it to Broadway.



Carmel Perino -Carl Russo photo.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Creative Arts

Music recital shows off NECC talent



Tony Constanza plays lute at Student Recital.
-Cathy Olson photo.

The Northern Essex Music and Choral Clubs held a classical music recital Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Soprano Lisa Ferronetti led off the event with the piece Schaefer Konnen Sicher Weider by J.S. Bach. Ferronetti possesses an excellent voice quality with natural vibrato effect.

U.S. Army Band veteran Ray Moulton

played George Phillip Telemann's *Suite in C Major* on the recorder, a Renaissance instrument resembling an inblown flute. The recorder, although not amplified, resonated through the entire hall as the baroque music moved quickly along.

Pianist John Citron was accompanist for the entire program but had two solos. He played Scarlatti's *Sonata in A Major* [K.322] which had a metronome bass line with a light quick melody. In contrast, his next number, Johnfield's *Nocturne I in Eb Major*, had a rampaging bass movement with soft right hand accompaniment and variations. Citron definitely has the light touch needed to attack baroque songs.

Coordinator of the recital, Music Professor Michael Finegold, joined Moulton and Mary Jo Wentworth in an acappella recorder trio. They played two recorder pieces by Thomas Morely. *Do You Not Know* was a series of variations on a fast round-like pattern. In presenting *It Was a Lover and His Lass*, Finegold played above the others, making a distinct "lead" sound. Wentworth's tenor recorder sustained pedal tones while Finegold and Moulton bounced along the melody.

Musician/vocalist Sandi Bedrosian sang *He Shall Feed His Flock Like Shepherd* from Handel's *Messiah*. Her voice complemented the beautiful aria.

Anthony Costanzo, who gives free guitar lessons at Northern Essex, played three Renaissance selections for the



Raymond Moulton, Prof. Michael Finegold and Mary Jo Wentworth play recorders at music recital.
-Cathy Olson photo.

multi-stringed lute. Although Tony pays the rent as a rock and roll guitarist, he is a master of his reproduced early English lute. In the hands of Costanzo, the lute has a warm natural sound, but can also pull off ripping harmonic effects.

Costanzo stopped the show with his rendition of *la Non Compro* (C1491) by

Cara. As his fingers lightly picked away at his axe, he sang the original Italian words with rich tone and convincing accent.

The student recital was beautifully done. It was encouraging to see the talent in the Music and Choral Clubs. We will look forward to the next major music event, the Cakes and Ale concert Dec. 9.

Music courses offered

by Tony Visconti

Prof. Michael Finegold has announced that a course in American music is being offered this spring for the first time. It will include a study of the development of American Music Culture from early to present - folk, rock, jazz, country, classical, punk, new wave and other forms. Topics of study will be music as art, music as expression, music as a commercial enterprise and the influence of electronic and computer technology on music. Special attention will be devoted to listening and examining music currently heard throughout the country. Students need no previous knowledge of music before signing up for class, which will meet Tues. 11, 12 and Thurs. 11. The course number is MU-8310.

Other courses include Performance

Ensemble I and II as well as Chorus I and II. Ensembles of all sizes in rock, folk, jazz and classical music are organized to give the student experience in preparing and performing music in front of audiences. Students enrolling must be capable of performing on a musical instrument or have the ability to sing.

Students in Chorus I and II perform in concert from pop to classical music. Students get experience in singing, vocal-part learning and performance.

Finally, Harmony I offers an intensive study of key signatures, modes, intervals and triads, teaching the basic principles involved in part writing. Students enrolling must know how to read music and have a knowledge of major scales.

For more information, see Prof. Finegold, third floor, C Building.



Students to perform at Cakes and Ale Concert, Dec. 9: Tenors Michael Motherway, Thomas Duvernay and Brian Moschetto [first row]. Bass singers John Riccardi, Raymond Moulton, Jim Brown, and Pianist John Citron [second row].

-Cathy Olson photo.



Sopranos Raelene Laroche, Gloria Aybar, Martina Angomas, Paula Hadley, and Lisa Ferronetti [first row]. Altos Constance Salerno, Carol Zins, Sharon Atamian, Mary Jo Wentworth, Laura Forgays and Sally Moriarty [back row].

-Cathy Olson photo.

Arts Symposium to be Dec. 1

Creative Arts Department Chairman Elaine Mawhinney-Webb has announced the second session of the Symposium; Survival of the Arts is planned for Wednesday, Dec. 1 from 2-5 p.m. at the Learning Resource Center. There will be a coffee hour from 2-3, group discussions

from 3-4:30 and concluding remarks at 4:30.

Primary and secondary school educators are invited to attend these "brainstorming" sessions on way of dealing with and solutions to the problems of the arts in our schools.

Cakes and Ale concert to be festive event

by Faith Benedetti

With Thanksgiving drawing near and the Christmas season just around the bend, music lovers can look forward to the Annual Holiday Cakes and Ale concert on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 p.m. at the College Center.

Presented by the Northern Essex Chorus and Performance Ensemble, this year's performance, entitled "Music Americana," promises to be entertaining and informative. A variety of musical selections will be performed. Each piece will be accompanied by a slide show, and background information on the subject.

The first selection from the colonial period will be "Chester" by William Billings. The early drum-corps piece will be performed by Chris Madej on flute, Joann Crosby on piccolo, Scott Tardie with piano and the chorus.

"Banjo Medley" by Stephen Foster will represent a piece from the 1900's. A guest banjoist may appear along with Citron's piano accompaniment.

Blues and Scat singing will enhance the third selection. Music Prof. Michael

Finegold has transcribed a recording of Bessie Smith singing W.C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues" with a jazz solo by Louis Armstrong, arranging a four-part chorale and instrumentalists with a little of his own music added.

Singing the role of Bessie Smith are Martina Angomas, Gloria Aybar, and Raelene Laroche. Mike Motherway and Brian Moschetto will scat the Louis Armstrong way, while Eric Edwards plays it on alto sax. Carl Rademacher will provide some wailing guitar solos. Another solo will be sung by Laroche.

In a classical piece, the chorus will sing Aaron Copeland's "Stamp Your Foot" from the opera *The Tender Land*, while Citron and Thomas Duvernay accompany them on piano and marimba respectively.

From the 40's often known as the Swing Era, "Big Band Sing" will take the listener back to the Benny Goodman/Glenn Miller years, with songs such as Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing." The chorus will do a little scat singing, and Steven Brown will pound the drums in a solo.

The next stop on this musical tour

through history will be a medley from the Great White Way. Tunes will include "On Broadway," "Tradition" from Fiddler on the Roof, "Cabaret," "Day by Day" from Godspell, with Sharon Atamian singing the solo, and Stephen Sondheim's "Side by Side."

Jazz buffs can jive to the instrumental "Samba De Jazz," a tribute to Bosanova funk jazz. The members of the performance ensemble in this selection are Carol Zins on trombone, Mary Jo Wentworth on trumpet, Tom Duvernay on drums, Eric Edwards on alto sax, Mike Motherway on piano and Carl Rademacher on bass.

The final selection of the evening to bring us up to date will be an original rock piece by John Riccardi, who plays guitar. Brian Moschetto, lead singer, will be backed up by the chorus, James Migliorini on guitar, Scott Moschetto on drums, and Carl Rademacher on bass.

Concert goers will be serenaded with Christmas music as they arrive in the lobby before the concert begins.

The entire program, including the slides

and background information, was researched by the students. Lisa Ferronetti, student vocal coach, has worked to keep the singer's voices in mint condition. Additional pianists are Connie Salerno and Tom Duvernay.

Finegold, director and conductor for the event, says that the atmosphere will be informal, with tables and chairs instead of chairs in rows. Cakes and cider will be served.

Tickets are \$2 (includes refreshments) and are available from any chorus or ensemble member at the Student Activities Office and at the door.

The occasion "Should prove to be a very enlightening as well as enjoyable concert," Finegold says. "The music will be enjoyed by everyone."

Anyone needing further information on the Cakes and Ale concert should contact Prof. Finegold in Room C-356. For an evening of eating, drinking and fine music, the Cakes and Ale concert will be a welcome addition to your pre-holiday activities.

Curricula

Union Leader reporter studies at NECC, speaks to students

by Jean Powers

Twice on Nov. 16, Betty Arnold, journalism instructor at Northern Essex Community College, turned her classes over to Laura Caccia, Journalism I student. Caccia, a former Manchester Union Leader correspondent and current freelance writer, told Journalism I students what it's like to be a reporter, what she's learned from her work and why she is now taking her first journalism course.

"Experience is a good teacher," she said, "but I'm here to learn the technical things." Though she has a bachelor of arts degree from Boston University and a master's degree from Rivier College, Caccia never studied journalism. "I didn't know there was more than one kind of lead," she said, citing examples of knowledge she lacked, "and I needed to learn interview techniques."

Motivated by the desire to be "learning something all the time" and "doing something different five or six times a day," Caccia, without experience or training, applied for work at a Nashua paper, The Broadcaster. Despite "stiff competition in the field," the editor "gave me a break," she said. He published her stories but gave her no pay.

Caccia's experience at The Broadcaster led her to part-time work at the Nashua Telegraph, where she received 30 cents per inch of copy and \$5 per picture. She said, "You have to start at the bottom," working terrible hours, chasing ambulances and attending meetings, but "you can work your way up fast if you do a good job."



Laura Caccia.

-Carl Russo photo.

There are compensations for low pay, she explained, "Reporters learn about a lot of things, issues and people." Referring to the reporter's opportunity to view public figures away from the public, she said, "You get to see people as they really are."

"The most common mistake reporters make," Caccia told students, "is to depend on one source." That one source may be adept at handling the press, carefully wording statements so that they are more like "press releases" than news items. Also, sensing bias on the part of a reporter who uses only one source, others may refuse to deal with that reporter.

Caccia added that often a reporter can get a "scoop" after receiving a tip from one of his many sources. If he has to count on just one source to provide information, it may come too late.

"And never, ever, EVER write off a source," Caccia said emphatically, before describing an incident in which several reporters "tuned out" a rambling speaker who, in passing, mentioned that an addition to Bon Secours Hospital was to be built in Salem. Caccia, the only one who was listening, submitted the story a day before the other papers.

To Prof. Arnold's delight, Caccia told students, "Failure to meet deadlines will get you fired faster than anything else." She also warned that "you have to be very careful to be fair and impartial," and said that when taking notes, "Don't make the mistake of not writing anything down until you find out it's important." By then, she said, it may be too late to get all the facts.

Caccia continued, "If you can't find a story, you're either in a slump or you should get out of the business." To achieve her 20 page copy per day quota at the Union Leader, Caccia sometimes had to create stories. She reported that once after "hanging around the fire department looking for a story," she decided to enter a one-week fireman training program. She passed around a photograph of herself, dressed in fireman gear, from the award-winning story that resulted.

Discussing her job at the Union Leader,

Caccia explained the difference there between staff writers and correspondents. Those on staff are union members who have set hours, holidays and receive \$450 per week to start - "the best pay around," she said. Correspondents, who are non-union, start at about half that salary, receive no benefits and are contracted. As a correspondent, Caccia said she was on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

An advantage of being a correspondent, Caccia explained, was working out of her home. She typed stories on a computer and sent them to Manchester by phone. She was thus able to claim a room, television, radio, scanner and phone as tax deductions.

Answering questions about her arrangement with the Union Leader, Caccia said that she covered 10 New Hampshire communities from Windham to East Kingston, and though some assignments were given, it was her job to find her own stories. She made routine calls to the town managers and fire departments. Explaining that "You can't depend on them to call you," she said she called the police department every night at 11:30 and when she woke up in the morning.

Talking to a group that continued to ask questions after class was dismissed, Caccia added that when her job ended, "It was nice to go to bed without calling the police first."

CLEP tests, directed studies programs available to students

by Ellena Gearato

Registration for the spring semester is at hand and students may like to know that there are other ways of receiving credit than the traditional classroom situation.

The College-level Examination Program (CLEP) offers the opportunity to obtain college credit for the knowledge you have gained via personal reading, correspondence courses, etc. The CLEP tests are offered as General Examinations or Subject examinations.

The General exams measure familiarity of the material usually covered during the first two years of college and includes English Composition, humanities, mathematics, natural sciences, social sciences and history.

Subject examinations are designed to measure ability in specific college courses and are used to provide credit or exemption from these courses.

The exams can be completed in roughly 90 minutes and the cost is \$25 per test. The fee is pro-rated for each additional test taken and results are returned by mail to the student.

At this time NECC is accepting CLEP credits in various business, psychology, foreign languages, history and economics courses. These credits are treated as transfer credits and no grade is assigned them. It is possible to receive up to 30 credits which could be equivalent to the Freshman year in a Liberal Arts program. Further information on these tests and test locations is available from the Admissions office.

The Admissions office also has

information on credits that may be given for work done through training programs in both state and private industry. For those people who have been in the service, it is possible to check credit recommendations through a book entitled *Guide to Evaluation of Educational Experience in the Armed Service*.

Beth Cole, Admissions office, says that "These (CLEP credits) are very useful for the older student who has had previous experience and economically it can help cut down on college expenses."

Credit for Life Experience Exams are designed to provide a means of assigning credit ordinarily gained through regular course participation to the student's skills and work experience that duplicates a particular course.

There is a non-refundable fee for this evaluation and the process can be time-consuming. The forms are available in the Registrar's office.

The student will be required to state the course for credit that is being requested and also briefly outline his/her experience in that particular course area. A visit to a faculty member who will be responsible for the evaluation is the next step. If the faculty member agrees that the student's experience qualifies him/her for further evaluation, procedures for evaluation will be set-up.

Formal application and fees should be made to the Registrar's office after the initial evaluation and the application will then be forwarded to the departmental committee for formal evaluation. Their recommendations will then be sent on to the College Committee on Credit for Life

Experience and to the Dean of the College for a final decision.

Assistant Dean of Academic Affairs Mary Prunty says, "The CLEP process has been in place since 1972 and Credit for Life Experience followed shortly after. I think they're fantastic opportunities for students who can demonstrate they have the knowledge these processes test. So many students attending this college have had life experiences that have been true learning ones that they should be encouraged to pursue these processes which test their knowledge. The importance to the institution is to provide the opportunity, keeping in mind that quality is always the most important feature for both student and college."

The new college catalogue has a complete explanation of these programs. They were specifically included in order to increase the visibility to let students know of their availability.

Credits earned through any of the above methods will be handled on an individual basis when being transferred to other colleges. Betty Coyne of the Counseling Office says that "students should make an appointment with the transfer admissions office of the four year college as well as the department chairperson of the major to which they are applying. It is recommended that they bring a transcript from NECC, high school transcript if they have one, or any transcript from any other college. A college handbook from NECC is also helpful and any material directly related to their individualized courses or a sample of their work would also be helpful."

Coyne advises.

Directed studies is a highly individualized course of study offered to one but usually not more than five students by one teacher. The object of such a course is to provide further study through research projects, seminars and directed readings. These courses are offered in response to a specific student interest.

You must have a faculty member willing to coordinate the course and have the approval of both the Department and Division Chairperson of the subject area to be studied.

A Directed Studies course may carry from one to four credits and will be graded in the usual manner. Some course offerings have included highly advanced math courses, work in specific areas of journalism and science, but these are by no means the only areas where a Directed Studies course is available. Any student having an interest in a specific topic should speak to an instructor familiar with that topic about setting up a Directed Studies Course. Forms for registration in this type of class are available in the Registrar's Office.

Special Topics courses are offered in all divisions and departments with the approval of the division chairperson responsible for that department and the college curriculum committee. This type of offering is usually set up to get a new course off the ground, or if any five or more students express an interest in a particular discipline. Again, the Registrar's office has the forms needed to pursue this type of course.

Several literature courses being offered

The English Department is offering a wide range of literature courses in the Spring, 1983, semester. For information, students may see Dr. George Bailey, Chairperson, English Department, C-344, and check the master schedule.

According to a *Wall Street Journal* survey of the hiring practices of the 500 largest corporations in America, the most important basic skill looked for when they are hiring and promoting is *writing ability*. Besides direct writing experience, the second skill that most effectively fosters writing ability is *reading*. Reading and writing skills also underlie a third fundamental skill, *critical thinking*. These three skills are, according to the 1980 Report of the Commission on Humanities, necessary to two of the essential goals of education, "the development of citizens who can make informed and critical

judgments and the enrichment of individual life."

Literature and humanities electives directly teach both reading and writing skills, says Chet Hawryciw, Chairperson of the Division of Humanities and Communications.

Writing courses will include: Journalism I and II, Technical Writing, and English Composition. Literature courses will be: American Short Stories, Bible as Literature, American Literature Before 1900 and American Literature After 1900, British Literature II, Western Literature II, Mythology and Literature, Women's Lives, 20th Century Women in Film, and Introduction to Poetry. Humanities offerings are the new course Art, Math and Nature, and Introduction to the Humanities.

Journalism Broadcasting Course Concentration

- * Journalism I and II
- * Broadcast Reporting and Announcing
- * Television Production I and II
- * Art of the Movies, Women in Film
- * Photography or Commercial Art
- * Journalism Practicum

For information, see Betty Arnold, C354, Ext. 212

Curricula



Academic Division Chairpersons: Usha Sellers, Social Sciences; and Michael Pelletier, Math, Science and Technology [seated]; Chet Hawryciw, Humanities and Communications; Olga Williams, Business; and Paul Bevilacqua, Health Professions and Human Services.
-Carl Russo photo.

Two courses to be team taught

Two courses being team taught in the Division of Humanities and Communications this spring will be Introduction to the Creative Arts and Introduction to the Humanities.

The Creative Arts course involves an interdisciplinary approach with emphasis on both the experience of the arts and theory. It is designed to give students an overview of all the arts by emphasizing the actual experience of dance, theatre, art, and music. It is intended to give the student a strong sense of the enjoyment, excitement, and pleasure that the arts can provide. One section, taught by Elaine Mawhinney-Webb and Michael Finegold will meet M8,9, W9. The other, taught by Rochelle Newman and Eugene Boles will meet MWF10.

Through selective works of literature, film, music, religion, and philosophy, the Introduction to the Humanities course

focuses on the individual's concept of self (identity, purpose, goals, destiny) and the individual's relationship to community (ethics, values, justice) as explored in our artistic and intellectual heritage. Section one will meet MWF at 8. Instructors are Priscilla Bellairs and Susan Sanders. Section two, taught by Linda Kraus and Paula Boxer, will meet MWF9. Bernard Horn and Catherine Sanderson will teach Section three MWF1.

A new experimental course called Art, Math, Nature: the Golden Relationship will be offered jointly by Northern Essex and Bradford. This three-credit course explores the relationships existing in the worlds of nature, forms and ideas. Rochelle Newman (NECC- Art) and Marty Boles (Math - Bradford) will team teach, and are writing a text for their students' use.

Bioethics, intro to law offered in spring

If you are looking for a course with contemporary relevance to you because you live in a world of illness, disease, defects, hunger, energy problems and over-population, you might be interested in checking out the course in bioethics.

The course is offered for those who enjoy dealing with ideas and are interested in examining inter-relationships between philosophy and problems arising from advances in modern biology. There are no prerequisites, but a general background in the sciences or philosophy may make the ideas presented in the course more meaningful.

For more information, see Prof. Jim Gustafson, Classroom Building, or Prof. Wally Blanchard, Science Building.

The course, SO3356, Psycho-social Aspects of Aging, will be offered Mondays 4-6:45, rather than Fridays as indicated in the Master Schedule.

The new time is an attempt to respond to nurses and others who suggested that a course at this time might also include part-time students.

What is it?

A one-semester course. An historical survey of the nature and philosophy of law as well as the structure, functions and development of legal systems and procedures, with emphasis on Anglo-American practices. Three credit hours.

Why take it?

This course is intended to introduce students who are interested in pre-law, paralegal, legal secretarial and other law-related fields to legal concepts, systems and practices as well as their historical development and sociological bases.

Since law is increasingly becoming involved in the various areas of everyday life, an introduction to law is a practical component of a well-rounded education for any student.

When is it offered?

MWF at 11 a.m. (John Guarino) Section 01

Boston University scholarship available

The Northern Essex Boston University Trustee Scholarship Committee has indicated the following guidelines will be followed in selection of applications.

Students nominated must have a college grade point average of 3.5 or higher and be planning to apply for admission to Boston University for September 1983 enrollment, following their graduation from Northern Essex Community College.

Students may apply to any one of the Schools and Colleges of Boston University: School for the Arts, School of Education, College of Engineering, College of Liberal Arts, School of Management, School of Public Communication, School of Nursing, Sargent College of Allied Health Professions.

In addition to the 3.5 grade point average requirement students must also show: Academic achievement beyond normal curricular requirements; and demonstration of leadership or distinctive contributions to the college and community.

Procedures for application:

1) References from at least two (2) faculty members, preferably one from your major study area, and at least one (1) from an individual not connected with the college should be completed. (Reference forms are available in Room B-204 or the Counseling Office in the College Center).

2) Students should complete a 1-2 page letter of application that details their academic achievement and demonstration of leadership or distinctive contributions to the college and community.

3) The references and letter of application should be submitted by Dec. 1, 1982 to Richard Pastor, Room B-204, who is acting as liaison with the committee.

4) Finalists will be selected from the applications received, and they will be asked to complete a Scholarship Essay, on a topic to be suggested by Boston University, for final consideration.

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact Richard Pastor, Room B-204.

25 new courses added to spring semester

by Linda Gallant

About 25 new courses are being offered at Northern Essex this spring. Some are expected to be offered regularly; others are on a trial basis to meet varying and changing needs of students.

Chairman of the College Curriculum Committee Priscilla Bellairs is particularly pleased about the only new permanent course--Advanced Basic Programming with Applications. She says it should give computer and non-computer students a deeper grounding than was previously possible in one computer language.

Three one-credit mini-courses, offered in successive five-week units, have been designed for Discovery students, but are open to others who wish to improve their Study Skills, Decision-Making and Coping with Anxiety. For information, see Jan Scheerer at the Academic Support Center.

Besides reviving the Film Option of English Composition II, the Day Division

will offer Special Topics courses as follows: Introduction to American Sign Language Structure, Technical Reading, Technical Writing, The American Short Story, Manual English, and Word Processing Simulation.

Special Topics courses offered both in the Day and Evening Divisions are Workshops in Word Processing and Speedreading.

Chairman Bellairs says the second half of the Women's Study courses is set for spring. There is no prerequisite for any of the three courses - The Family in History, 20th Century Woman in Film, and Literature: Women's Lives Recorded and Imagined. Bellairs says these courses should be interesting to both men and women. "They explore what women's experiences have to tell all of us," she says.

advisors for additional information about the spring's schedule of courses.

Academic Calendar Spring 1983

December 31	New Year's Day (Jan. 1) Celebrated--Holiday
January 14	Martin Luther King Day (Jan. 15) Celebrated--Holiday
January 17, 18, 19	Registration, Day Division
January 24	ALL COLLEGE DAY--see note**
January 25	CLASSES BEGIN, Day Division
January 25, 26, 27, 28	Drop/Add and Late Registration Period, Day Division
January 28	January 1983 degrees conferred
February 14	Last Day to drop a course with no penalty
February 18	Last Day to apply for a credit for life experience evaluation or add a Directed Studies or Cooperative Education course
February 21	Washington's Birthday--Holiday
February 22	Petitions for June 1983 Graduation due Registrar's Office by 8:00 p.m.
March 17	Evacuation Day--Holiday
March 14	Day Division, Fall 1983, Returning Students Advising Period begins. (From March 14 to April 14)
March 21, 22, 23, 24, 25	Spring Vacation (no classes)
April 15	Day Division, Fall 1983, Pre-registration/Advising Forms Registrar's Office by 5:00 p.m.
April 18	Patriot's Day--Holiday
April 19	LAST DAY to drop a course with a "W" grade
May 1	Awards Convocation
May 4	ALL COLLEGE DAY--see note**
May 16, 17, 18, 19, 20	FINAL EXAM DAYS, Day Division
May 20	Spring 1983 Academic Semester ends at 11:30 p.m.
May 25	Spring 1983 grades due Registrar's Office by 5 p.m.
May 30	Memorial Day--Holiday
May 31	SUMMER SESSION I, Classes begin, see Summer '83 calendar
June 4	COMMENCEMENT CEREMONY, Quadrangle at 3 p.m.
June 10	Spring 1983 grades mailed to students
June 20	SUMMER SESSION II&III CLASSES BEGIN. See Summer '83 calendar

* Consult the DCE&CS Calendar for dates relating to that division.

** Various events such as student orientation, advising, and campus activities will occur on this day. Day division classes will be cancelled so that students and staff may participate.

Part Time Studies offers good variety

The Part-Time Studies Program for this spring will include classes Monday through Saturday. A wide variety of courses is being offered.

They include English Composition, Speech, Women's Lives, American Literature, Introduction to Creative Experience, Commercial Art, Painting and Drawing, Liberal Arts Math, Sociology, Psychology,

Death and Dying, Aspects of Aging, Bioethics, Contemporary Social Problems, Family History, Political Science, U.S. History, Word Processing, Typewriting, Macro-Economics, Accounting and Data Processing.

For more information, contact Chet Hawryciw, Chairperson of the Division of Humanities and Communications.

Paralegal Studies Program begins in Jan.

Paralegal Studies, co-sponsored by the Division of Social Sciences and the Division of Business, will offer courses beginning next semester in Paralegal Studies.

These courses are designed to train individuals who wish to become legal assistants as well as to serve as transfer

credit for those who want to pursue a law related four-year degree and career.

Liberal Arts students may be able to transfer easily into the program's limited number of seats. Students in other programs are also encouraged to apply.

For further information contact Joseph Rizzo, Room C-376; Usha Sellers, Room C-390; or Olga Williams, Room C-309.

Features

A time to remember.....a time to give thanks

Photos by Cathy Olson

Our Harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. The four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week...and although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty.

-Edward Winslow



Pilgrim keeps guard over Plimoth Plantation.



Getting ready for dinner.



Mother goat keeps careful watch over her kids.



First Thanksgiving [1621]

They began now to gather in the small harvest they had, and to fit up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength and had all things in good plenty. For as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercised in fishing, about cod and bass and other fish, of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the summer there was no want; and now began to come in store of fowl, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first [but afterward decreased by degrees]. And besides waterfowl there was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, besides venison, etc. Besides they had about a peck a meal a week to a person, or now since harvest, Indian corn to that proportion. Which made many afterwards write so largely of their plenty here to their friends in England, which were not feigned but true reports.

-William Bradford, The American Tradition in Literature, Fifth Edition



Pilgrim tends to garden of vegetables.

Features

Limits self-imposed

by Bruce Ciaramella

Professor Robert Sacchetti of the Engineering Department is a man of many faces. He has mastered two careers and is an accomplished runner.

"Many things interest me," Sacchetti says. "I've always felt that any limits I have are self-imposed. I firmly believe that a person can become anything he wants to if he puts his mind to it."

Sacchetti has a bachelor of science in engineering and a master's degree in mathematics from the University of Lowell, and a law degree from Suffolk University. In 1969, at the age of 26, he successfully ran for a seat on the Lawrence School Committee. He has been teaching at Northern Essex for 14 years and is presently chairman of the Department of Engineering and Technical Studies.

Prof. Sacchetti initially intended to obtain his doctorate in mathematics from Northeastern University. He says, "While I was at Northeastern, I was invited to attend an alumni dinner at the Suffolk University School of Law. At this point, I seriously began considering law as a future vocation." He then attended law school three nights a week, 1971-1975, while continuing to teach full-time at Northern Essex. "I would study all weekend," Sacchetti says, "but it was well

worth it."

Despite Sacchetti's dedication to both his professions, his teaching takes precedence. "I love teaching," he says. "I've seen many a C student go on to get his master's and doctorate degrees in some of the best schools. If I can motivate a student and help him realize his potential, then I've done my job."

Sacchetti says that teaching a class and speaking to a trial jury are similar because in both instances you have to be entertaining and instructive.

Prof. Sacchetti's philosophy (meeting challenges) has also proved effective in his personal life. In 1975, he began running with Mike Pelletier, Acting Chair-person of the Division of Math, Science, and Technology. "I was a little overweight so I decided to get in shape," Sacchetti says.

This year he entered again in the U.S. Marine Corps Marathon in Washington, D.C. where he placed 714th out of 9,600 in 3:01:40 last year.

Bob Sacchetti has proven his theory that, with perseverance and dedication, one can accomplish almost any goal. He feels one is never too old to take advantage of life's opportunities. "You get old anyway, so you might as well develop your potential," he says.

And indeed he has.



George Denoncourt points to photographs at his exhibit, Citizens Center in Haverhill, Nov. 11-12, as Betty Coyne, Haverhill Council Woman Theresa Baumann and Prof. Robert Paul look on.
-Carl Russo photo.

War photos at J.F.K.

by Nancy Robinson

During the Vietnam War, there were only a few official Army photographers assigned to capture daily events and the experiences of war-time conflicts on film. There is only one complete collection of these photographs in existence today.

George Denoncourt, a former Continuing Education student at Northern Essex, has recently completed compiling this collection. These photographs will be on display at the John F. Kennedy Library in Dorchester in January of 1983.

These photos, many of them taken during combat situations, depict what otherwise could only have been seen by those who participated in the war. Denoncourt concentrated heavily on Vietnamese children, and captures scenes that might otherwise have been ignored.

"I'm not looking for any personal

recognition, but simply to show the war through a portfolio of pictures," he explained. "Photographers had a low survival rate in the war because they made easy targets. I'm one of the lucky people who made it back. The photos serve as grim reminders."

Denoncourt spent nearly a year in Vietnam, after having been trained at the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center in Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

"It was my intention to do the best job possible," he says, "I wanted my pictures to tell a story."

The Kennedy Library exhibit is being co-sponsored by the Northern Essex Camera Club, the Northern Essex Veterans Union, the Northern Essex Student Union, the Haverhill Public Library, and the Haverhill Arts Commission.



Dean of Bristol Students Jack Warner with Student Newspaper Advisor Prof. Alan Power, Associate News Editor Don Gagnon and Reporter Melanie St. Denise.
-Carl Russo photo.

Bristol visits Northern Essex

by Dan Lyons

"The most noticeable change at Northern Essex that I've seen is the growth in student population," Bristol Community College's Dean of Students Jack Warner said. Warner, who worked at NECC from 1970 - 1978, visited the Haverhill campus two weeks ago, along with three representatives from the Bristol student newspaper.

"I really wanted to see the new computer system at Northern Essex," he said, "and the newspaper staff wanted to visit the Observer office. The computers were most impressive."

Warner said that Bristol, like Northern Essex, is expanding its computer capabilities, in keeping with the recent high-tech surge in Massachusetts' public higher education system. "We received a Wang computer last year (as a gift from Dr. An Wang), but we added only eight terminals to the system," he said. (The NECC system has 28 terminals).

The young, well-dressed dean felt that NECC student activities are "comparable" to what they were when he was Student Activities Director here, from 1970-1975. "We didn't have the video games, but we did have more 'skill' games, like

'football,'" he said. "I'm glad to see the semi-formals being brought back. We (NECC) always used to have them, and they went over well." Warner said that Bristol now has dinner-dances, more or less in place of mixers.

"The dinner-dances are better, and easier to control," he said. "Most faculty members won't go to a mixer, but they will go to a semi-formal type affair. Their (the faculty's) presence gives the event a supervised atmosphere, and, in general, trouble is more easily avoided."

Bristol, like Northern Essex, does not allow alcoholic beverages on campus. "We did have one non-alcoholic mixer (with a rock band) on campus, but the attendance was very poor," Warner said. "We've decided to go for the smaller, quieter dances, and they've worked out well for us."

Warner began his NECC career as the school's Director of Student Activities. He later was the school's Director of Counseling, and Director of Admissions. In 1978 he became Director of Student Administrative Services, where he worked one year before going to Bristol Community College as Dean of Students.



Professor Robert Sacchetti.

-Carl Russo photo.

Haverhill's Civil War Memorial



Civil War Statue, Monument Square, Haverhill.
-Carl Russo photo.

by Tim Delaney and Judy Sirski

"His ashes may be scattered wide, o'er battlefield and plain. They hallow all whereon they rest, and freedom is his fame." Louise A. Greene wrote those words as part of a poem read at the July 5, 1869, dedication of the Civil War memorial located in the center of Monument Square on Haverhill's Main Street.

The idea of a memorial was first proposed in July, 1862, at a town meeting shortly after the death of Major Henry J. How, of the nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment. How died at age 28 from a musket ball that hit him in the lungs.

During the last few hours of his life, he requested letters be sent to Haverhill and he expressed his willingness to "die for a cause so just." His last wish was that his body be wrapped in a flag presented to him by the women of Haverhill.

It was not until March 9, 1868, that plans for a memorial were submitted at a town meeting. The contract for the statue was awarded to Brown and Weeks, a Haverhill stonecutting firm. Calvin H. Weeks, Jr., designer of the Hannah Dustin monument, designed the Civil War soldier standing at parade rest. Patrick McLaughlin, a stonecutter for the firm, rough cut the block of marble with the help of his son Frank. Weeks completed the final work on the project.

Frank McLaughlin, the stonecutter's son, had the unique role of both helping cut the stone and posing for the statue. As Weeks prepared sketches for the monument, McLaughlin, a three year veteran of the Civil War, was asked to pose in his full dress uniform.

The face of the soldier's monument, though, is that of Major How. How's facial features were copies from a portrait which hung for many years at G.A.R. Hall, Court Street.

Carved of Sicilian marble, the statue cost \$7,000, including \$1,000 for a fence. The pedestal of the monument is inscribed with the 187 names of the Haverhill soldiers who died for the Union in the Civil War. The memorial stands to "keep green the memory of the boys in blue."

As Louise Greene wrote, "He cannot die who strikes for right, his sword for freedom draws; He's dead alone who lacks the power to see a noble cause."

Campus news

Gallaudet deaf dancers perform at college

Photos by Carl Russo



The Gallaudet Deaf Dance Company from Washington, D. C. came to Northern Essex to present its program of "sign dancing" Friday, Nov. 5.

The occasion was sponsored by the Creative Arts Department and the Northern Essex Extension Center for Gallaudet.

Under the direction of Dr. Diane Hottendorf, six young women captivated the audience with numbers which included tap, ballet, jazz, disco, and modern forms.

The dancers, students at Gallaudet College, the only liberal arts college in the world for the hearing impaired, have been featured on 20/20 and in Life Magazine. They have performed throughout the United States as well as foreign countries such as France, Israel, Canada, and Denmark. Last summer, they were invited to perform in Lima, Peru, for the Second International Special Arts Symposium.

The story of the Gallaudet Dance Company began in 1955 when Dr. Peter R. Wisner, a physical education professor at Gallaudet, observed a student signing the Lord's Prayer in American Sign Language. He was so impressed with the beauty and movement of the signs he decided to form a deaf dance group.



-John C. Phillips photo



My ears are deaf, and
yet I seem to hear
Sweet Nature's music
and the songs of Man,
For I have learned
from Fancy's artisan
How written words
can thrill the inner ear
Just as they move the heart,
and so for me
They also seem
to ring out loud and free.

the first stanza of Robert F. Panara's poem
"On His Deafness"

Correction

Editor's note: In the last issue of the Observer, several of the Gallaudet Dancer's names were not spelled correctly. Those performing Friday, Nov. 5, with the Gallaudet Dancers were Claudette Bondy, Tina Wicks, Stacey Miller, Monika Valgemae, Jenny Fernandez, and Beth Sievert. The interpreter, Joan Wattman, is not a student, but an instructor.



Courtesy of Lawrence Eagle-Tribune.



Commentary



Moon, Mars, or Mudflats.

-Carl Russo photo.

A word to the wise....

by Chris Roger

A nuclear holocaust...the end of the world...the end of life as we know it. It seems so difficult to imagine at times, yet it can be so easily achieved by just the push of a button. Once this button is pushed, there can be no escape - no place will be safe. It is such a frightening concept that many refuse to believe it could happen, but the fact remains that a nuclear war can and will occur unless people take action to stop it.

Relations between the U.S. and Russia have always been strained, to say the least. The rapid progress of the nuclear arms race on both sides has caused much anxiety in recent years, and only now are people beginning to realize that a nuclear war could very well mark the end of life. The opposing force could be anyone - Russia, China, or a Third World country, for that matter. The question of who does the fighting is irrelevant - the most important question is: will anyone survive?

Many people don't seem to realize just how dangerous a nuclear war is. Major evacuation plans have been discussed and publicized - everyone will have a place to go. But just how good are these "plans" if a war does, indeed, occur? In the first place, the roads will be so jammed with traffic and there will be such mass pandemonium that people probably won't be able to get where they're supposed to go. People will panic, and how much can be accomplished when tens of thousands of people are all in a major state of panic? Whoever thought up these evacuation plans must expect people will sit back and take it easy when the bomb is dropped. Let's be realistic - that definitely won't be the case.

Wherever the bomb drops, there can be no hope for survival to those who are in its vicinity. Recently, I read an article by a woman named Judy Lanford Carter, in which she discussed the effects of a bomb

if it were dropped on Boston. If a 20-megaton bomb were dropped on Boston, it would carve a crater a mile wide and 300 feet deep. Everything in that crater would become radioactive fallout and every human being and most buildings within six miles of the center will be vaporized. Within 20 miles, most people would die or be critically injured and there would be thousands upon thousands of severely burned victims. There are facilities to accommodate only 2,000 burn victims in the entire country. If you just glanced at the glare from the explosion from 35 to 40 miles away, it would instantly burn the retina of the eye and blind you. A fire storm would be created, encompassing 15,000 to 30,000 square miles, and everything in its path would ignite, creating a holocaust, with hurricane force winds to keep it burning. Fallout shelters would be useless - you'd be asphyxiated because the fire would consume all your oxygen.

President Reagan talks of cutting back on the build-up of our nuclear arsenal. A few weeks ago, though, another Trident submarine was launched. The government wants to build many more nuclear weapons, and medical, education, and food programs are being cut so that the civil defense budget can be doubled. So how can Reagan claim he is cutting back on the build-up of our nuclear forces, when obviously this isn't happening?

I believe that a country should protect itself in the face of war, but is nuclear arming the way to do it? Should we allow ourselves to be the scapegoats of governmental conflicts? A nuclear war would mean the eventual annihilation of us all, whether we die from the impact or fifty years later, from the cancer caused by the radiation of such a war. We can let the government play with our lives and decide our fate, or we can do something about it - it's up to us.

Mudflats mired in mania

by Margaret Coll

If you're one of those dedicated yet horribly misunderstood students who comes in every day at 6 a.m. (although your first class is not until 10), and pull into your favorite parking space, then you probably never experience the panic. I mean the panic brought on by the knowledge that your first class is not until 1 p.m. and the realization that the weather resembles something you once saw in a National Geographic special about the New Guinea rain forests. You see, students who arrive at NECC's parking lot shortly after 9 a.m. when the front lots are full, have to park in the unpaved lot behind the College Center.

This parking lot is lovingly referred to as the mud flats. The first time I heard this sinister title, I imagined something out of the old Errol Flynn film, "Objective: Burma," in which very masculine soldiers slid and stumbled through the quicksand-infested jungles of Burma.

Although it was sunny when I parked my car, I still felt uncomfortable leaving my not so masculine Chevette unattended. What if it rained while I was in class? Ask and you shall receive. It not only rained while I was in class, but while staring out a window, in the general direction of my car, I felt sure I saw a person disappear into the slimy depths of the mud flats.

A solitary figure struggled against the

wind, the rain, and the almost animate mud. The mud, in an attempt to deter the brave student, relieved him of his left boot. I could almost hear his curses rising above the howl of the wind. The hopping figure moved between my mud-bound Chevy and a beat-up Toyota and then...nothing. Somewhere between the two cars, the figure disappeared. I waited almost without breathing for twenty minutes and saw nothing more.

Strange thoughts ran around my head. Was something in the mud randomly attacking students or were the mud flats really composed of killer mud? "I'm not going out there! I'll sleep in the auditorium," I said. "No," my conscience replied. "You have to go home. You have things to do." Even though a school official had publicly stated that the flats were "as hard as pavement," I was seized by an acute case of mud phobia.

How did I escape? I'm no fool. I sat down and calmly pondered everything I had seen. After carefully considering the alternatives, I gave the car keys to my friend and told him to get the Chevette and pick me up out front.

Well, I drive a Gran Torino now and my friend's parents have filed a report with the F.B.I.'s Department of Missing Persons. But I'm sure he'll turn up sooner or later...probably when the first bulldozers arrive to pave the mudflats.

Rise and fall of Reaganomics

by Tom Flynn

"Prosperity is just around the corner!", such is the impression the administration is giving the media. But we the people know better. The nation is suffering its worst unemployment rate since the great depression.

President Ronald Reagan and his subordinates are insisting that the nation's economic woes are within weeks of solution. Sure the prime rate is down, but can you name anyone who buys a house every other day?

Americans buy food, clothing and fuel on a regular basis. There has been no economic improvement in this direction for years. Prices are getting higher while wages remain far behind. Each election year, the politicians offer us meager tax cuts as the magic solution.

On the other hand, there are simultaneous tax increases on other vital necessities. It is a familiar pattern that gets the people nowhere.

The loyal opposition has been very silent about what solutions they have to offer. Apparently, their main concern is getting back into power. Again, this is an all too familiar pattern.

It would be nice to see the political games cease, and have some serious thought and effort put to solving the

economic disasters that have plagued the nation for over a decade. A good start would be to throw out every lobbyist lurking in the Capitol's corridors.

Also, why not offer a sounder currency? Let's go back to the gold standard or silver certificates. The idea of an economy based upon green paper is appalling.

The most offensive aspect of the situation is the administration's persistence in painting a rosy portrait of the economy. The bulletins from the White House press room read like an advertising gimmick. The men and women in our government are either Pollyannas or the slickest con artists to come down the pike.

Is it going to take a monumental economic collapse before they finally realize that we cannot go in this present direction? Rome did itself in within a few hundred years. Will we be done in within a few decades?

Let's stop pouring millions of dollars into foreign governments. It must be stated that these same governments would turn on the United States without hesitation, at any time. As the expression goes "charity begins at home."

'The Machine Stops' visualizes problems of total technical society

by Mark Queenan

The bonds which at one time joined men together, both natural and super natural, have been replaced by ever-increasing high technology. Man has de-personalized and belittled in this new society. In the fictional and futuristic short story, "The Machine Stops," the author projects the consequences of this totally technical society. E.M. Forster, an English novelist, citing our total dependency on the machines which we invented to serve our every need, contends that everything ideal has a natural basis.

In this fictional look into the future, Forster has man now living beneath the surface of the earth, spending his entire life here. People seldom venture to the surface. They are totally dependent upon a vast network of technology known as "The Machine." The Machine dictates their entire lives, from birth to death.

In rare instances where one has to travel from one part of earth to another, there is the "Air Ship Service," built when the desire to look directly at things still lingered.

People live in individual rooms, seldom leaving them. All rooms are exact replicas of one another. Every person has at his

disposal a panel of buttons to push for every anticipated need. They communicate with one another via visual telephone. Physical contact is rare. In everyone's possession is a copy of "The Book Of The Machine," which they refer to for instructions against every possible contingency. "The Book" was published by the Central Committee.

Through the life of one woman, Vashti, and her son, Kuno, we are shown the effects their society has upon them, and their reactions to it.

Vashti reacts with irritation and fright to a request by her son for a visit to him. Conditioned to seek security and instruction from "The Book," she now turns to it. "Oh Machine, Oh Machine," she murmurs, and raises it to her lips and kisses it, before seeking instructions and departure times for her trip.

With total control of "The Machine," a compensatory human element has not been created, and people, needing to fulfill their spirituality, defy "The Machine," making their spirituality dependent upon the social pattern.

Vashti's son has been assigned a room by "The Machine" on the other side of earth. Upon her arrival, she tells him she

will stay only a few minutes and must return. He informs his mother he has been threatened with "homelessness," a punishment for those who do what is not contemplated by "The Machine." He has gone to the surface by finding a way of his own.

He tells his mother, "We have lost a part of ourselves-I determined to recover it. We created The Machine to do our will, but we cannot make it do our will now. It has robbed us of the sense of space and the sense of touch. It has blurred every human relation. It has paralyzed our bodies and our wills, and now it compels us to worship it."

Kuno, like many youths throughout history, is at the stage when rebellion against the comfortable conventions is easy because the cost of abandoning them had not been fully realized.

Mother and son part soon after, and years go by. She is surprised to learn that her son has been relocated to her section of the earth. The Machine hums along, but with a difference. Kuno calls his mother with the message, "The Machine Stops." She, and others she related this to, cannot comprehend. "What does this mean? The phrase conveys nothing to me."

Small defects appear in their reception of life's needs. Complaints are registered with "The Mending Apparatus." Nothing is repaired. Time Passes. They resent the defects no longer. They have become so subservient, that they readily adapt themselves to every caprice of "The Machine." Things go from bad to worse without challenge. They are informed that "The Mending Apparatus" itself is in need of repair. Time comes when the air and light begin to go but, there is still The Book, and while The Book is there, so is security.

Too late, they realize it is the end. All perish. Vashti and her son find each other in the dark. Her son says, "Quick, I am dying-- we kiss and touch and talk--not through The Machine."

These future humans have been lulled into a false sense of security by their "Machine." This Machine, which ultimately failed them, could be interpreted as a failure of religion; a religion used as a substitute of nature. There is no security in Utopia.

Mark Queenan is a student in Mary Ann Johnson's class which is studying science fiction.

Commentary

Is death penalty necessary?

The last time an execution took place in Massachusetts was in 1947. Six years ago, the Supreme Court ruled against the death penalty, claiming it violated the state's constitution. Now that voters and legislators have ratified a constitutional amendment permitting capital punishment, Governor King is pushing the Senate for "a bill I can sign."

Since colonial times, there have been 337 people legally executed in Massachusetts -- and 65 of them occurred in this century. Even during the witch trials of Salem, the death penalty, was controversial and caused division of sympathies within the state. And today, when we consider ourselves modern and just, the death penalty is again darkening our doorstep. Are we ready to turn back the clock to a more primitive and barbaric time?

Will we be able to stand back and watch a person die -- without proof positive that he committed murder? The case of George Reissfelder would have been a sticky situation if he were executed when he was found guilty of murder 15 years ago. He was released from prison only months ago. Imagine what the reaction would have been if he were executed -- an innocent man. Another's confession has released dozens of people from death row.

Already, this state is known to have the toughest laws regarding homicide. Convicted offenders in our state serve the longest sentences from willful homicide and felonies than any other state in the country, according to the *National Law Journal*. And our annual homicide rate is less than half of the rest of the nation -- and about half the rate of the Northeast.

We know that if the bill permitting capital punishment is not signed by Governor King before January 1, Michael Dukakis will veto it. Let's hope Dukakis gets the chance.

Don't smother education

Uncle Sam has been pictured as the benevolent elderly gentleman in his red, white and blue suit, with his hands held out to offer us help. What has happened to good old Uncle Sam? Has he been lost somewhere amid the mountains of paper work that streams from Washington daily?

Federal laws were established to insure that justice and equality would be part of an American's birthright. Somewhere between 1776 and 1982 there happened another Revolution--the Regulation Revolution, which spewed forth tons of paper bullets in the forms of rules and regulations. Daily casualty counts are rising of people whose efforts are smothered by unnecessary rules and regulations that are add ons to what originally was a good piece of legislation.

For example, the Family Education Rights and Privacy Act, (known as the Buckley amendment) gives parents the right to inspect, challenge and protest records of their children and denies federal funds to any school that releases such records to others without written parental permission...a good piece of legislation. Now come the smothering additives. An "update" to the Buckley amendment no longer permits the Counseling Office to keep transfer files for five years, as has been their custom. The government now says that records can only be kept for the current year to guarantee that they will not be used for any other purpose. The Counseling Office does not handle transcripts.

The major parts of the students file is recommendations that are received from teachers and others to help pave the way for students from a two year college through the transition period of entering a four year school. The student has the right to examine his file at any time. The majority of these records are very favorable. The "update" to the Buckley amendment says these records can only be kept for the current year.

Classes in some of the larger colleges and universities often have enrollments of one hundred or more students. There is no personal contact between teacher and pupil. Northern Essex is large enough to be recognized and small enough to be personal. Recommendations from faculty members here usually cover more than a comment about an A, B, or C average. But now the favorable, in depth recommendations have a one year life span.

Why can't the government act in a sensible way? When they get a good piece of legislation, leave it alone. When they get a bad piece of legislation, throw the whole thing out. Just look at the paper work we would save.

Dear Ms. Arnold:

Just a brief note, the theme of which I hope you'll pass along to 'The Observer' staff.

I want them and you to know how much I look forward to the arrival of my copy of your paper. I've been in the newspaper business for upwards of 36 years and have seen my share of undergraduate

papers. Some are better suited for wrapping fish than reading, but few that I have seen display the professionalism of The Observer.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Bill Ferguson
Lawrence Eagle-Tribune

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Letters to the editor

Editorial unsound

Dear Editor:

A recent editorial pertaining to draft registration and the failure of some persons to register as a questionable method of capturing the public's attention is structurally unsound.

Although I partially agree with two major assertions of this article, that failure to register for the draft is wrong and that the draft register's method of protest may be misguided, one should not base argument on opinion, assumptions, and name calling.

Draft registration is a statutory obligation. Therefore, registrars have two choices: to register, or refuse to register thus, facing the penalties of the law. The law is statute, non-consequential. So failure to register as a means of protest is absurd--either you comply with the law or you don't. If the intention of the editor was to give an example of how unwise methods to introduce social change can be self defeating, better judgment could have been exercised. Finally, name calling may be an effective way of inciting people to riot, but it also alienates the very group you desire to reach.

I understand that considering such emotional issues may cloud one's objectivity but, please, slow down and write at the level at which you are so capable.

Respectfully,
Warren R. Hampton

In the November 9 Issue of the Observer the main point of the article "Some people do anything to get attention" seemed to be "conform or go to hell." The story made all of those who dodged draft registration look like selfish unappreciative bums.

The author said that registration is not an agreement that war is morally permissible. But it seems to me that it must be an agreement that REGISTRATION is morally permissible. Why should we be given a totally bureaucratic "warm-up" for a national defense plan? Was then President Carter trying to impress certain eastern powers of America's preparedness for war? If the purpose of registration is to tell the government the whereabouts of young men, then those who register and dodge will be easier to find than those who voiced their opposition from the outset.

Please don't tell those who vocally oppose registration that their "selfish preaching is annoying you." They may be the first to fight and defend the freedoms of choice and speech.

How can an article convict those who don't register and end up in jail (calling these people "stupid"), and then turn around and say if there was a draft they

could always run to Canada? Now who's the phony hero?

At least those who skipped registration knew what side they were on. Because I registered I may never know how much guts I really have.

signed,
Glenn Pierce

Phobie not offensive

This is in response to those who opposed the Phobie Freshman cartoons. I say - ignore them. I, too, happen to be female and also trying to support two small children alone. However, I certainly do not object to Phobie, nor do I find her at all discriminating. I found her comics to be virtually amusing.

After all, does Bugs Bunny offend our pet rabbits? Those who find Phobie insulting must have some kind of inferiority complex. She is only a cartoon for heaven's sake.

People will always find something to complain about, no matter what the printed matter consists of. Again, I say - ignore them. For everyone who complains about Phobie, you can find at least one person she amuses.

Sharon Perrault

Kudos to Observer

The editor of the Observer, Dan Lyons has done such a bang-up job of getting the paper together that, as a former editor, I am moved to write a congratulatory letter.

I particularly enjoyed the hilarity of Judy Sirski's "Clambake Chronicles." (Erma Bombeck, look out!)

Nancy Robinson's Health Update provided a much needed fund of medical information, and I recognize the fine editorial hand of another who must, as editors when expounding editorially, go nameless.

Marian Clay and Mary Hay provide good coverage of campus news as do many other reporters.

I would be remiss if I didn't say how much I've always enjoyed Carl Russo's "windows on the world." Cathy Olson gives us another point of view, as does Rick Carpenito.

When I was editor, I had the opportunity to see many campus newspapers and this year's NECC Observer stands out as a fine example of its kind.

Finally, kudos to Professor Elizabeth Arnold whose dedication to the school and her students is unparalleled.

I wish I had edited that last edition; it was that good!

Congratulations to all of you.

signed,
Helen Allen

The Observer reserves the right to edit letters for space and legal requirements. The deadline for submitting letters is the Tuesday before publication.

Commentary



Political watch

Christmas came early in Boston

by Laura Caccia

The Massachusetts Legislature has climbed to new heights of political arrogance. Just one week after the November election, both house and senate approved a pay raise package that would choke the most lucrative of budgets.

Starting in January, the new governor will get \$75,000 a year, a raise of \$35,000! When was the last time you got such a raise?

Pay for the Lieutenant Governor was doubled, from \$30,000 to \$60,000. The House Speaker and Senate Presidents will now get \$65,000 a year, up from \$38,000. Rank and file legislators will get \$30,000, up from \$19,766.

The Democrats swept through Massachusetts, winning every major seat on November 2. Much of their campaigning was against "Reaganomics."

We heard about the disastrous consequences of loss of federal aid for the elderly -- the poor -- the unemployed. We heard about how President Reagan couldn't understand what it's like to be poor. We heard, until we were sick of it, about how poorly the cities and towns were coping with reduction in aid.

It seems that the elected officials were having a little trouble living within their own personal budgets. Maybe they were talking about themselves when they spoke of "the poor." After all, it is tough to keep up a decent lifestyle when you only get \$20,000 a year.

How do they get away with it? Politicians count on one important rule of thumb -- people forget.

Two years from now, politicians are banking on the idea that you and I will be so used to the pay raises, that we'll not even question why.

The sad fact is, they're probably right. People tend to remember only what the press reminds them of.

Some people would argue that you have to pay your government officials to keep competent people in office.

New Hampshire has been muddling along for years paying their legislators only a token wage. House and Senate members get a whopping \$100 a session.

I guess the moral is -- if you want to be a professional politician, become a Democrat and move to Massachusetts. Maybe you can soar to even greater heights of political arrogance.



NOW YOUR DOLLAR WILL GO FURTHER!
(OR FARTHER.. AS THE CASE MAY BE.)

New, Improved formula!

Read this by midnight, and get free plates!

by Dan Lyons

My friend Test Pattern called me up the other night, his mind partially paralyzed by sheer disbelief (and a moderate amount of Rolling Rock). "I can't believe it," he said. "No way," he gasped, "no way ... they wouldn't be that vulgar ... they couldn't be ... I can't believe it ..."

"What's the matter, T.P.? Your T.V. break down or something?" I asked. (T.P. watches the tube constantly; he'd put one in the shower if it wasn't so likely to curl his toes.)

"No, nothing like that," he said. "Besides, I've got a couple of spares -- one in the kitchen and the other in the bedroom."

"That's good," I said. I remember the last time T.P. was without a T.V. He was all set to move into the Emergency Room at the General when I offered to let him stay at my place. Television is to T.P. what food is to the rest of us; without it he would die.

"So what's wrong?" I asked, knowing that I really didn't want to hear the answer.

"Did you see it?"

"See what?"

"That show!"

"What show?"

"That show with Ed McMahon where they show all the commercials!"

"What do you mean, all those commercials?"

"All commercials! Nothing but commercials! Old commercials, funny commercials, foreign commercials, cute kid commercials ... It's gross!"

Test Pattern hates commercials -- I've actually seen him turn the set off, count to 60, and then turn it back on when the show comes back on, just to spite the people who make them. Personally, I watch them -- I'd feel guilty if I didn't, as if I'd gotten something for nothing.

"Man, they must really be hurting for new ideas," he ranted. "And I thought 'Real People' was bad!"

I don't know. I think commercials are

fun sometimes. To be quite honest, I'd much rather watch the Tidy-Bowl man navigate through the chemically colored waters of someone's toilet bowl than watch Joanie and Chachi give us their dim-witted version of American adolescence. Who would ever name their kid Chachi, anyway?

Richard Simmons is a commercial by himself. Any man who is worshipped by hordes of overweight women is not to be trusted.

It used to be that advertisers would use a catchy jingle to get you to buy their product. Then they tried to be funny, so you'd laugh as you gave them your money. Now they've come up with a new approach; they annoy you until you can't take it any more, and you have to buy whatever it is they're selling just to get them off your back.

"O.K., O.K.," I remember screaming at my T.V. set one night. "I'll buy the Jim Nabors record -- just shut that guy up, will you? At least get his mouth to move in time with the words!" But old Gomer just kept on moving his lips, while the song titles swept up the screen. "Must be about a hundred songs on that album," I thought.

The other kind of annoying ads are the ones that embarrass you when you see them. Remember the one where the guy takes off his shoes and kills his dog with the deadly stench of his moldy feet? BOOM! The pup bites the dust, and thousands of worried consumers rush out and buy anti-odor foot products, lest their pet suffer a similar fate.

I didn't buy any, though. I don't have a dog, and besides, I figure if I ever get mugged, I'll just take off my boot and wave it in front of my assailant's face. It won't kill him, but it should blind him long enough for me to call a cop.

One product that I did try, however, is the tooth polish that "gets your teeth as white as they can be." It worked for Tony, the roller-disco manager; he got those blinding rays shining out of his mouth, so

Clambake Chronicles

Tofu to you, too!

by Judy Sirski

A new wave of healthful living is sweeping across America. We play tennis or racquetball, go jogging, lift weights, do jazzercise, and join aerobic dance classes.

Some folks claim diet does it and you are what you eat. So they pop 8-12's, sprinkle Brewer's Yeast on their whole wheat cereal, and put bone meal in their meatloaves. These seemingly normal people will eat shredded carrots for breakfast, sneak kelp into their company salads and serve lasagna-shaped soya protein to unsuspecting guests. They also know 1001 ways to prepare tofu. What's worse, they wait until you are in mid-swallow to inform you that the exotic flavor of the soup is due to the root of a rare fern that they picked from the woods themselves.

They use words such as "roughage" and "organic." Health food addicts can spend hours discussing "recommended daily allowances" and the relative merits of zinc. Some of these people even sneer at those of us who have never craved a carob coated spinach bar. And, they treat you and me with an air of haughtiness because they will live longer, cholesterol free lives.

Don't get me wrong. I like mung beans as much as the next guy. And, I have no personal grievances against the dedicated little mother goats who bring us healthful, nutritious goat's milk. But, let's face it. There is nothing quite like a chocolate eclair.

My friend Lily is a health food addict. She eats plain yogurt, hard boiled eggs, and bushels of bean sprout salad for lunch. She washes it down with 100 percent natural herb tea that has funny looking little things floating in it. If she

condescends to have a sandwich, it will be on dark, heavily granola-ed bread which must be chewed 33 times before swallowing.

She will glare disapprovingly at my fried chicken and my lemon meringue pie.

She will shake her head sadly and I imagine she is already planning what to wear to my funeral. After all, I am going to eat my way into a premature grave. She must be there to gloat. The flowers she sends will be organically grown. She will cry tears of pure spring mineral water.

But I know what she's really thinking. Lily and her fellow health food freaks don't actually feel about Jonathan's Sarouts the way you and I do about Sara Lee. Secretly, they'd kill for a Hostess cupcake, too. But, they believe it necessary to set a proper example for the rest of us poor slobs who patronize McDonald's and are frequently found at all-you-can-eat buffets eating all we can. It is for us that they gorge themselves with alfalfa sprouts and quaff guava juice. They forgive us. We know not what we do.

Lily ate lunch with me the other day. She took out a package of shriveled looking leather and said it was dried mango rings. The man next to us was finishing the last bite of an apple walnut pie. I unwrapped a Peter Paul's Mounds bar and absently offered Lily a piece. She snatched it and wolfed it down hoping I wouldn't notice.

As I looked at her in surprise, she snapped irritably. "So, sometimes I feel like a nut, sometimes I don't."

bright you'd need sunglasses to look at him directly. Best of all, he got the girl. I didn't like the stuff, though. Sure, girls go crazy when you've got teeth that light up like a neon sign, but it's not worth the hassle. Every time I drove around at night, people kept flashing their high beams at me, beeping their horns ... it was terrible.

Then there are the ads that just aren't true. Do you really think that someone would be foolish enough to pay to have their hands soaked in dish-washing detergent by some strange woman who delights in telling people how ugly their hands are?

Do little kids actually sit on piers singing about cold cuts?

There's a bunch of kids that I want to kill. You know who I mean -- those snotty little monsters who come into your living room at midnight and wave hamburgers in front of your face, but just out of reach, and say "Aren't you hungry? Aren't you hungry? Aren't you hungry?" Yeah, I'm hungry! I'm starving, you little rats! I'm also broke, so leave me alone before I go crazy!

The ads I always liked were the ones for the salad-making machine. You remember. The salesman came on, talking so fast that you thought his tongue was sure to fall out, and they showed you the device that sliced, diced, spliced, trimmed, thinned, peeled, chopped, and performed a host of other operations at your command. It would cut your lawn, trim your hedges, give the kids a haircut -- that machine could do just about anything.

And if you ordered by midnight, you could get a free set of aluminum mixing bowls. And as if that wasn't enough, they'd also throw in a set of razor sharp kitchen knives, free of charge. You don't get deals like that anymore.

Speaking of knives, how about the ad where the martial arts expert tries to slice a tomato with his hand? No wonder they eat so much rice in the Orient.

Test Pattern, however, was unimpressed by my appreciation of the ability of many commercials to amuse.

"I hate 'em," he said, "and I hate all the people who make them, too."

"But, T.P., they're better than most of the shows you watch!"

"I know," he ruefully admitted.

"Then why do you hate commercials?"

"I hate them simply because they are commercials, and I hate the way they make me feel," he raved. "Push, push, push, those arrogant little people jump out of the screen, doing anything they can to trick you into buying their stuff. But not me! I'm not gonna fall for it!"

Sometimes I wonder if T.P. is watching just a little too much T.V.

"T.P.," I said, "you've just got to realize that things aren't the way they used to be. The world is changing, buddy, and you've got to keep up with it, or you're going to go nuts!"

He calmed down a bit.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, look. Remember when T.V. shows were used to sell products? The better the show, the more expensive the commercials?"

"Yeah."

"Well, now," I said, "the T.V. shows are just filler to keep you awake between commercials. Commercials are the reason we have television -- that's why they're the most entertaining things to flash across your screen."

"I never thought of it that way," he said. "All I know is that they make me feel like a little kid, sitting in my high chair, being force-fed strained carrots or something."

"I always hated strained carrots, too," I said.

"Well, then, how can you like commercials?" he asked.

"To be honest, I don't see many commercials these days," I replied.

"Why not?"

"I just got HBO."

"I'll be right over," he yelped.

Campus news

Chinese culture depicted in teacher's visit

by Susan Skaff

Patricia Dye, of the Social Studies Department at Andover High School, visited Northern Essex Community College to present her slide/tape program, A Teacher's Visit to China, to the Life Long Learning Group Nov. 9. She was able to visit China for five weeks in 1980, along with nineteen others, through the Fulbright Scholarship Award she received.

Out of the small group chosen to go, ten were school administrators and ten were teachers. Their ages ranged from 30 years and up, with seven women and thirteen men.

The group first traveled to Seattle where they had to meet with government agents before departing. Once they left there, it took 24 hours to reach China.

Once in China, four large pictures of the men whose philosophies most influenced China seemed to be hung everywhere. The men were Mao Tse-Tung, Vladimir Lenin, Karl Marx, and Joseph Stalin. Dye said, "Although I wasn't surprised to see pictures of the first three men, I never expected to see a picture of Stalin plastered everywhere."

She continued, "Silence fell upon us as we rode through the narrow streets accompanied by the interpreters assigned to us. There were no street lights, the cars had no headlights, and we saw very few motor vehicles at all. The roads were crowded with bicycle riders, constantly using their horns." People are not allowed to have cars in China. Only army vehicles, a few public buses, and cars for top officials are permitted.

Dye told of the many posters they saw while in China. One poster had pictures of children showing their love of labor and learning, while another pictured acupuncture treatment and told of its benefits.

Dye said, "We were pleasantly surprised by the warm welcome the Chinese people gave us wherever we



Joseph Stalin, Karl Marx, Vladimir Lenin, and Mao Tse Tung.

went. Not many years ago, Americans visiting China would have been called names like "running dog" or "Yankee dog" by the citizens there. This certainly isn't true of the welcome Americans receive from them today."

English lessons are widely taught to most of the Chinese three times a day. They also get an English lesson over the loud speaker while riding on the bus.

While they were there, the group got to see just how poor China is in material culture. The houses they saw varied from new and shabby to old and shabby.

The American people all agreed that the food there was awful. The Chinese live mostly on rice. There are one billion mouths to feed, yet no one goes hungry. Dye said, "I thought I was eating fried onions at one meal, but it turned out to be jellyfish strips."

The Chinese use any available land for growing crops, and have huge storage areas to store the food. Their idea is "Nothing wasted, nothing wanted." We all could probably take a lesson from this, Dye said.

Everyone cooks over charcoal stoves in China. This also limits the variety.

The cities are so polluted that the

people rarely see the sun. The unemployed level in the cities is high among the young people still waiting to be assigned jobs by the government.

The Chinese work six days a week. The working days are staggered so there's no such thing as a weekend, and they rarely stay home on a day off.

There is a great deal of animal power used in China as well as people power. Dye said, "There's a lot of manual pushing and shoving there. Labor is cheaper than electricity. The adult Chinese goal is to catch up to the Western world by the year 2000."

The Chinese believe, "Children are Chinese flowers of the motherland." Families are seen everywhere together, up to four generations.

When the children reach age two, they are sent to a day nursery where they start learning how vitally important their government is. One song the children sing is, "What fun it is to wash clothes for Chinese soldiers!"

Dye explained, "Moral development begins at the day-care centers. The children are taught to help each other. Older ones must always help the younger ones. They are really taught through peer

pressure."

The Chinese stress that order and conformity are as necessary as love and devotion. Education is the priority of the Chinese government.

She said, "Although the schools are shabby, unified textbooks are used. Children have the same teachers for five years, and there is a close communication between parents and teachers."

Children start working in the factory for one hour a week at the age of five. As the child gets older, the working time gradually increases. At the end of each year, the money earned is turned over to their school for supplies.

Dye said, "None of the textbooks in the schools go beyond World War II. Anything beyond this is instructed based upon information approved by the government."

Art, instruments, and gymnastics are taught in the schools. Basketball, soccer, swimming, and hockey are some of the sports offered. Summer camps are awarded by the townships to deserving youths.

Dye said, "Troubled children are sent to reform schools for a year of rehabilitation. These centers claim to have a high success rate. The Chinese believe it's society's responsibility to help troubled children. The teachers decide who will be sent for reform."

China is overpopulated. New songs that come out depict the joys of having a one child family. Of this Mrs. Dye asked, "Will the young generation accept this edict?"

The teachers questioned many Chinese people about their strong commitment to their government and its goals. "They all had the same basic answer," Dye said. "They want to do what their government wants them to do. There was an extreme lack of personal goals."

Dye says she hopes someday to revisit China. It's a trip she highly recommends.

Participants try hand at poetry at Life-Long Learning Workshop

by Susan Skaff

The Life-Long Learning participants enjoyed an exciting poetry session last Thursday, Nov. 19, presented by Eleanor Hope-McCarthy. She stressed to the audience "that it's never too late to start new things." She said that she didn't start writing poetry until she was 35.

Hope-McCarthy said, "People have a few misconceptions about poetry. One is that poets are completely absorbed in themselves. This just isn't so. Poets usually try to show a relationship to others through themselves."

She said that the second misconception is that poetry should be about pretty things. Instead, our everyday lives are a much more appropriate subject since it is an expression of our true selves.

The third misconception we have is that all poems should rhyme as the early poems did between the 16th-19th centuries. She says, "There are more poems written in this country that are not in rhyme or meter than are. It has been the trend since Walt Whitman started writing non-rhyming poems."

Hope-McCarthy said, "Don't trust your own expectations of what a poem should be. As far as rhyming is concerned, unless we're experts at meter, we may want to avoid it."

She read excerpts from the works of several famous writers. In one she pointed out how Henry David Thoreau compared something abstract with something imaginative, like the dream of a road. There is a kind of aura about nature, and he had a way of relating this.

There are many forms of poetry. Two of the main forms are: poems that celebrate and poems that grieve. Another is in the form of prayer.

"There are wonderful things about each season to bring into poetry," Hope-McCarthy said. "After middle age, many compare their lives to fall and its many aspects."

She continued, "I think we all have things in our lives that we would like to translate into poetry. Oftentimes poetry is



Eleanor Hope-McCarthy [In front] at Life Long workshop. -Rick Carpenito photo.

just a written comparison, but I think even that's accomplishing a lot."

Hope-McCarthy concluded, "There's something about writing a poem and sending it, a part of yourself, to someone you care about."

Before leaving, everyone had the chance to write a few lines of prose poetry. They turned out very special and are printed below.

I cling to fall days
Its wealth of leaves and flowers
Strewn beneath my feet!

by Gertrude Dole

I am reborn, ecstatic -
Soaring to new heights.
My soul will no longer wander,
But rest in Glory beyond!

by Anna Radzukinas

A star in a shoestring?
Side by side, set by pairs,
Matched by color. What need?
A foot in a shoe, a foot on a leg to move.
Move it, move it, use it!

by Grace B. Clayton

Bare and Cold and Stiff and Still,
Smoke and Ash o'er vale and hill.
by Edith Koulis

A golden leaf floats
slowly to the ground,
Why do I shiver in the
Autumn sun?

by Louise Conom

The Great Longing

We are not merely beings
aimlessly wandering through
the subject of life.
But educators developing the
threshold of tomorrow.
For mankind has given credence
to yesterdays dreams.
Teach not lessons of anger,
self-pity and hate for these
destroy nations.
Rather guide your fellow
man with courage, love,
and the will to learn.
Thenceforth the future world
will reign in peace.

by Micheline M. Davis

To The Group

Your flower smile
is warm, as they
are warm, fresh plucked
from the seller's stall
on a November street.

by R.L. Mesle

A sunny day
attentive ears
Many in the room

Attentive too
as Poet talks
All poems need not rhyme.

by Marie Backard

Life Cherished

To cherish life is such a joy
that comes right from the start.
To gaze into your child's face
is love right from the heart.
Awareness of these wondrous loves
is awareness of life cherished.

by Susan Skaff

This pleasant group of people

Some friends so dear and growing.
The gifts which they have brought to
Life-Long Learning.
Others new or yet unknown.

What lives have they endured?

by Carolyn Reynolds

Alumni has theatre party

The Northern Essex Community College Alumni Association will have a theatre party at Showcase Cinemas in Lawrence Thursday, Dec. 2. Alumni and their guests will enjoy a wine and cheese get-together starting at 6 p.m. followed by a movie of their choice at the Cinema. Tickets are \$5 and may be obtained from these committee members: Raymond Pilat, Sylvia Hallsworth, Jennine Press and Pam Donahue of Methuen; Joseph Rizzo of Windham, NH; Dottie Holmes of Bradford; Sarasue Mueller and Gerry Powers of Andover; John Lyons of Nashua, NH; Donna Henckel of North Andover; and Nick Tarzia of Merrimack.

Also, tickets will be available through the Alumni Office at Northern Essex, ext. 124.

Parnassus

A WOMAN'S VOICE IS CALLING

by Alan Habbab

It reaches out
And drifts to over the rooftops
Receding like a memory
Into the air.

It is dusk.
Soon the apples
Will be growing - larger.

A small boy appears
Running as if he would launch himself
After the sound of his mother's voice.

He drifts up, out, over the rooftops
Like a memory receding
Into the night air.

Looking back, he hears:
A woman's voice calling.

It is dusk.
The apples are growing larger
In the dark.

AUTUMN RIDDLE

by Alan Habbab

Nocturnal flower, tougher
And more irritating
Than dandelions,
I know you
Have been stealing
Fruit from my garden.

Young white punk,
You're a gang
All by yourself,
Out all night,
Trashing the suburbs,
Messing up my lawn.

I know you.
You're cold, man.
Growling bolder
In the daylight,
You'd like to kill.

Frost!

Chuckles

by Timmy Conley

He was lying
In the gutter.

Birds were flying
overhead

He was trying
to remember,

all the words
that the young ones said.

The greasy creosote shone dully on the granite chips which lay between the coal black railroad ties. The morning sun also reflected off the many steel rails and into Chuckles' red rimmed eyes. It hurt. He gave up half a giggle, and unconsciously began whistling an old John Denver tune about sunshine on his shoulders making him high. High, "That's something I'd better get real soon, before I shake again," he thought. He'd been awake for five minutes.

Thinking, "If I knew where I was it would help," he began walking in the direction of what appeared to be the beginnings of city streets. Feeling vaguely aware of the passage of a large amount of time, he wondered how long he'd been out. The last image Chuckles could remember was a "N.Y.C. 45 mi." sign. A water tower off to his left said "Boston." "I know a place in beantown," he thought. The record player in his head changed to play a Dylan tune, something like a rolling stone. He chuckled, cracked another smile, and began to whistle it. Turning up under a bridge, he pulled the last of a pint of wine he'd found in a hip pocket. The pain in his gut ebbed enough so he could keep walking. Things were beginning to focus now, look a bit familiar even.

"Christ I'm weak, musta been out for days." Reaching in his pocket, he came up with three wrinkled ones. That's unusual. Wishing he could remember where they came from, or where the wine came from, or where he came from even, he chuckled right out loud. The record player in his head was going full blast now, some tune about California dreamin'. It was so loud he couldn't think, only sing. "Crazy song," he muttered, and all at once a scene hit him. Memories often did that in his mind. It caught him like a child in a wave on the beach that got bigger than it first looked, and was suddenly, terribly, frightening. He had hooked up with a guy called 'O.D.' just south of New York City. 'O.D.' had a pint of whiskey and a gun, and he wanted to go to town to get some money. Chuckles

Contest Winners

Prose
1st Prize
Puppy Love by Elizabeth Desmarais

Poetry
1st Prize
Alan Habbab

Artwork
Prize
Post poned until spring

Contest Judges.....Eleanor Hope McCarthy,
and Bernard Horn.

Booby prizes in all categories will be
awarded to all published writers on
Wednesday, December 4, in Room C353.

The contest will be run again in the Spring.

CANNIBALS

by Alan Habbab

Today, we are killing
The instructor. He gazes
At us, uncomprehendingly.
In a moment of inattention,
He gave himself away.
It was twilight. I looked
And saw him: Fat and grazing,
Dreaming of the good work
To come, as children come,
As ripening ears of corn.
Of such are these
Are sacrifices made
And of the unblemished lamb:
Out of his bones
The instruments we need,
And of his flesh
We make our song.
Of such as these

recalled startin to drink, and talkin about that. Then he blinked his eyes and was in Boston. How long? He was startin to remember, and that hurt. He reached down and found a nasty bruise on his chin, that somehow he knew would be there, but not where it came from.

"I need a drink," he said half aloud, and continued walking in the direction of "the inn." Chuckles was sick, and he realized it. If this was Boston, and these were the tracks he thought they were, then Pine Street was not far. He needed food and a change of pants. "I'm pretty ripe," he thought, "but what the hell?" The tune in his mind was "King of the Road," as he reached to his shirt for a smoke. Finding none he continued to walk, and on seeing the back door of Smitty's Tavern he went in to get change for cigarettes.

He got a bag of Planters peanuts and a double shot of Fleichmans blended. It hurt, but stayed down. He asked for another double, got it, and was out of money. Chuckles stared at the shot and thought, "I don't give a shit man, in my condition this will blow me anyhow. Then I'll find Pine Street." A song, just a piece of one was toying inside his head again, Ramblin Jack he guessed, or Johnny Cash. Cass, Cass ... It fell in his head like a tree again. Cassy was a friend of his, who used to work the docks in Chicago, unloading trains. Those were the days. I still had my senses then, still had my strength. And Cassy, he always knew some hooker who'd come around on Friday nights to make anyone sober enough feel real good. One night some nigger from Atlanta came selling moonshine, the kind in glass bottles real cheap, (somehtin in Chuckles' gut fell and the hair on his scrotum stood up at the thought), and old Cass literally drank himself blind. He wound up in some clinic in Detroit. Chuckles was falling off the bar stool, but was too stiff to even try to stop. He was laughing as his face ground into the sawdust floor. He threw up, got up, and was just clearing the door by the time the screaming bartender could aim a decent kick at him. He lunged in the direction of the tracks and fell down to his knees in the crushed granite, and laughing hysterically, the music in his head at full volume, he crawled into the weeds and blacked out.

Chuckles awoke to the sound of his own muffled scream and many men telling him to shut up. He did. He was at "the inn" and it was dark out. He took a deep breath of the fetid air and listened for the music. It was there, playing an old Beatles tune from "Abbey Road." It was something about a mean mustard man. One thought slipped into his head, and then another hit him. The first was that "I must have eaten something, I can feel it in my stomach." The second, which came riding through his mind on a wave of sheer terror, crashing towards his

Puppy Love

by Elizabeth Desmarais

Once upon a time I had a bigger heart than now. Once so long ago I was quite free and did not know of things like love and life and loss. Then again, it could have been back then when I did know more. In any case, I am quite certain it was way back then when I did simply feel more.

I slung my sack back over my shoulder, ran to scoop up my puppy and pack him away with the papers. It did not much matter that the ink might rub off on him because of his black fur. Both would have become one. And with thoughts of such importance on my mind, I simply crossed the road to start upon my route.

My route ended on the long road by the park. Mr. Sharp lived on this road next to the park. My days began with my route's end and Mr. Sharp.

Drawn into his home with his reminders of the cold, I let my sack slip off my shoulder. I had already forgotten about its stiffness and soreness. We giggled as my puppy peeked up and out at us, shook off all his cold and ran freely and gleefully away.

Mornings were spent learning about each other's lives. Once, in complete reverence and secrecy, Mr. Sharp beckoned me to an old cabinet in his dining room. He slowly pulled at its door and after fishing around for a moment, brought forth a cardboard tube, the kind you find when you've used up all the paper towels. There was a bit of plastic visible on one end and I watched intently as his pulling revealed a worn-thin wonder bread bag. He placed it on the table and carefully counted out seven quarters. Five of them were in payment of the newspaper which I delivered and two were placed firmly in my hand. They were mine to do with as I pleased. Funny, how I never thought of them as a tip. Even more bewildering, he didn't either.

Sometimes we would go to the kitchen. It was a special place for it was there we both found many pleasures. His was in seeing my fascination at the old fashioned water pump which stood majestically in the place I expected to find faucets. He would stand back and smile as I struggled to balance a cup in one hand while trying to draw water from the pump with the other. The real laughter rang when I could never seem to direct the anxiously awaited water into the cup. It was then when he would come forward, put his hands under mine and fill my cup with the crisp, cold water.

One time, once again with solemn tone, Mr. Sharp led me to his icebox. He brought forth from it a tightly and meticulously wrapped silver package. Unwrapping it, he revealed its contents. It was the frozen remains of the banana bread I had baked for him, all by myself, three weeks earlier. He pointed to the pre-marked place where he

would cut a thin slice later on that evening after his supper. With it, he would drink the one cup of hot coffee he allowed himself each day. What importance I felt in knowing that something created out of my very own love was cherished by the very person it was intended for! From that day on I vowed that Mr. Sharp would always have something of mine to sit alongside his evening coffee. I made sure I left a part of me.

Winter came and went and so did I. Pepper mostly stayed at home now. He was no longer content to be placed among my papers and the stiffness and soreness of my shoulder was not so easily forgotten. My banana bread still frequented Mr. Sharp's house, although not as often as I had vowed. When bothered by this, I would console myself by saying that the slices might be just a bit thinner but that at least they were still there.

Sometimes, now, Mr. Sharp never made it to the door to greet me. When he did it often made me sad. He had to struggle so much harder now that I often found myself hoping he wouldn't even try. This eventually grew into a pattern - his not being able to get up for a few days at a time. I accepted this all without question. I never knew that it was anything but part of the usual.

It had been three days since my friend and I had exchanged smiles and words. It was those familiar signs that I was looking for when I climbed the stairs that morning. What I found instead was a haggard and much older looking man peering through the metal grid of the door at me. It was then I saw age.

He spoke to me and told me about his stroke. I could not speak. I could do nothing more than half-listen as my eyes fell away to the ground. I walked from his house, up the road by the park and felt nothing. The traffic had ceased. I could not feel the sun. Even the caress of the breezes playing tag in the trees escaped me.

Within a month he was dead. Upon being asked, his neighbor told me that he had been taken to the hospital. I didn't ask anything else, but the same neighbor told me that Mr. Sharp had asked for me all the while he was in the hospital. It didn't matter much, though. I somehow doubt I would have been able to go even if I had been aware of his requests.

The following week I gave up my route. It was a drag having to get up so early in the morning everyday. Anyway, I rather liked the thought of sleeping through the morning.

I was sitting on the front porch with my dog when the youngster who was taking over the route came to pick up the lists and my sack. As I handed it all to him I heard whimpering. I reached down beside the boy, ignoring my dog's barking, picked up his puppy and began to cry.

SATURDAY NIGHT

by Annette Landry

It's Saturday night
I'd better take a shower.
Going out with my new boyfriend
He'll be calling in an hour.

I get out of the shower
Try to do something with my hair.
Now comes the hard part
Deciding what to wear.

Each hair is in place
And I'm all dressed.
After he calls
I'll let nature do the rest.

I wait impatient by the phone
Drumming my nails.
I didn't realize the waiting
That a simple date entails.

It's already half past the hour
And still there's been no call.
He must have been tied up
That must be all.

My frustration is building.
I'm starting to get mad.
This is the worst Saturday night
That I've ever had.

I simply don't believe this.
Men, they're all the same!
Maybe he just lost my number.
No, he probably forgot my name.

I might as well give up.
I guess it wasn't meant to be.
But this is the last time
I let some guy do this to me.

I sit to watch the Love Boat.
All the passengers have a mate.
But where the hell am I!
I'm home without a date!



very soul with relentless ferocity, was that, "If I don't have a drink, I am going to die." Chuckles knew that. He'd seen others die from it, seen them curl right up in the street and die cause they had nothing to drink. That was on 72nd in New York. And a truck came along at dawn and two guys with masks on their faces and gloves on their hands picked them up and placed them in back and took them away to burn them and "Christ Jesus I need a drink."

He was walking. He knew a bottle in the weeds down by the Charles. He put it there his last time in town. He knew it was still there, knew it had to be. He would die if it wasn't, but it was. In the cool of the evening he lay back on the damp grass by the river and lifting the wine heavenward he inhaled a fourth of the bottle. A thought teased at his mind and competed with the music for space. He chuckled at its persistence until he realized it. Like a voice in a song he thought burned into his mind that "if you don't quit that drinking, you're gonna die!" He almost choked, he chuckled so hard. He was laughing hysterically as he got to his feet and stumbled in the direction of the railway. In between the music and his own thoughts, he was sure some kids in a car yelled at him, and as he tried to recall what they said, he went into another blackout.

He awoke and couldn't breathe. Something wasn't right, something was wrong. Everything was smokin and hot, and he couldn't see. He realized he was on fire and burning but good. He smelled gasoline and heard someone screaming "Wino, wino." Was it a song? Was he having D.T.s again? Chuckles was laughing when five minutes later he didn't know whether he died or not.

Parnassus

The Priest

by Rebecca Pacini

I walked into the rectory expecting a full-fledged battle of philosophies, but what confronted me there was not the saintly, solemn image of a priest that I had imagined, instead I saw a rather short man with a big nose. He had smiling crystal blue eyes tinged with mischief, and he spoke in a gruff yet pleasant voice.

Father Ron led us into the parlour, a plain and simple room with a couch and two plush chairs, the kind in which you could curl up and fall asleep. The faded rust couch clashed with the blue and green rug, and the gold plush chairs should have been in a room by themselves. On a wooden, highly polished table stood a madona and child, to remind you of where you were. Having gone to an all-girl Catholic private school for twelve years, I was quite familiar with this type of surrounding and had been drilled countless times on how to behave there.

I sat rather stiffly at first, that's how we always sat in assembly, especially if a priest came to talk to us. We were to show respect and honor to his position. Father Ron lit a cigarette and settled himself comfortably in his plush chair. That relaxed me some as I leaned back, and melted into the softness of the couch, but still, I was half prepared for battle if necessary. Father began the conversation with trivial commentaries about the weather, his driving experiences, and mostly about cars. My ex-husband latched onto the subject of cars and elaborated on his expertise in mechanics, of which he was actually no more than a tinkerer.

"...I took off the whatchamacallit and put on a straight-pipe, and now we get about, oh, I'm not exactly sure, but we get much better mileage..." I was beginning to feel this was a complete waste of time.

Father Ron's shirt was unbuttoned and the white collar they are supposed to wear hung carelessly out of his shirt pocket. My mind wandered back to a blustery day, fifteen years ago. We were all at recess, everyone was running around, playing. The trees were bare and the wind blew the dried brown leaves across the grounds, sometimes in swirls, like miniature tornadoes. I waited in line by the big slide, some said it was twelve feet tall, but I didn't think so. Then it was my turn. Sister Joan Saint Patrick stood watching at the bottom of the slide. The wind blew in my face and made my eyes squint. I lifted my hands up in the air as I'd seen the older girls do. I was flying! Thud. The next thing I knew I had a mouth full of pine needles and dirt, and my nose hurt. I ran and hid behind a clump of bushes. In the ensuing panic I caused, the wind caught Sister's veil and blew it off her head. Since I was hiding, I missed the spectacular event but it was all I heard about for weeks.

"Sister has short hair! Sister has hair! Sister's veil blew away!" We never thought of

the sisters as human, but she had hair like everyone else.

Father Ron's T-shirt showed where his white collar should have been. Frustrated of the thought, like everyone else. Priests would have to get something that lasted though, they aren't supposed to have much money. Wouldn't it be funny to see the Fruit of the Loom guys pop up in the rectory?

"Do you like them?" Father Ron asked me. I knew he couldn't be talking about the Fruit of the Loom guys and I assumed they were still discussing cars.

"I like Oldsmobiles."

They stared at me. I thought maybe I sprouted another head, but Father was adept enough to realize that the conversation should become more intimate if any use was to be made of this time. I listened attentively as Father Ron told us of his days in the Marines, and his drinking bouts. Every fact surprised me. He told us of his successful career in the business world and his broken engagement, and how he'd come to his vocation late in life and that he'd actually been turned down twice before being accepted into the priesthood. I had always thought priests were born into their vocations. That somehow they always knew they would be of the clergy. Father had even been a hellion in his school days. Soon, question after question he threw at my ex, leaving him stunned, uncomfortable and speechless. This man-priest had gotten to the causes of our divorce in minutes. Father had yet to make one religious statement.

Somewhere in the corners of my mind lurked puffy angry red faces spouting threats of fire and brimstone; damnation for all eternity. I remembered in third grade when Sister Aloise instructed the entire class to ignore me because I'd played hooky. Father Ron did not condemn or threaten me. What's more, he didn't even blame me. He did at last encourage me to return to church, but he wasn't pushy. My beliefs and philosophies are another subject entirely, but I always enjoyed the church community and involvements in their activities. I wouldn't be shunned. I wouldn't be branded with the big "D." I was free to stay if I so chose.

Three hours had passed since I first walked into the rectory. What had happened to the church in my absence? Where were the angelic pillars of priestly wisdom? I entered expecting threats of damnation and was prepared to fight them all. My defenses had melted into peaked curiosity as my body had melted into the softness of the couch. I had to know more. I had to find out why I didn't have to fight. But, one thing I did find out, the saintly solemn image of the priest I'd had was gone, replaced now by an understanding rather short man with a big nose and smiling blue eyes — called Father Ron.

A WORLD SECLUDED

by David Carter

Through the Blizzard of 78
I was exposed to their hate
To remember it again
causes no pain
but I remember it well
69 of the coldest days in hell

It was 97 degrees below zero
and even a hero
would not have gone outside
for fear he'd have died
but for more than 9 weeks
we'd shiver and shake
beside that great lake
at 4 in the morning
at the days first dawning
all in a row and ready to go
and no matter how hard we tried
no one could hide
from a cold so cold
it could only be felt
but never told

There were crazy people
running this world secluded
who wanted all of our images
completely diluted
with cinder block walls
lining corridor halls
with gray painted doors
and back tile floor
They'd dressed us in blues
and gave us all the same shoes
then shaved our head
and made us wish we were dead

They'd smile all the while
teaching of stripes and fame
and how to play their game
of goody two shoes
so no one would lose
with sir and a salute
I was just a recruit.

TURNING BITTER

by Carol J. Flood

When her father died she paused and reflected,
Distant memories flickered across her face —
tugged at her emotions
He was old, she was strong
She understood life's ups and downs.

Two months have passed
She returns managing a cheerful smile
"How is everything?" I ask.
Her voice weakens — lodges in the back of
her throat
She sputters, dies, returns
Words and tears flow in unison
Her husband has also died —
day after her daughter's wedding

Six weeks go by —
Now I do not ask
If it's obvious,
Suddenly older, the pain has etched
deep lines upon her face
She has become recently suspicious,
Everything vibrant has been drained from her
She does not laugh, she hardly smiles

I miss her laugh.

WEASEL

by Carol J. Flood

Slee-eyed weasel,
slightly crossed
Soft tempered features,
cast an uneven smile
Obscure dimples rarely appear
slowly slipping away—
with innocence

Caught in that moment
all the uncertainty
and awareness you feel.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS

by Helen Wolfe Allen

You have to hand it to America
we are clean
and we smell nice —
No smelly armpits
no smelly breath
no smelly cratches
Even our dogs aren't smelly

In fact we are so damned clean
we left our dirt, blood
and filth of War thousands
of miles away in Vietnam —
like a sanitary land fill.

by Jeani Perrin

I don't remember how old I was or what was keeping me laid up in bed for so long. I had to be very small because my little red bed tray which is only about 12" by 8" was what I ate my meals from and what I used as an altar. Yes an altar!! I was a holy little kid! That's why Father Linnehan came to see me. Not because he recognized my holiness, but because I insisted upon his visit with all the insistence a sick little girl could muster. To my mother it wouldn't matter if I was insisting from my death bed less she herself thought it best. In this case, she must have thought me in need of praying over. I must have been mortified at not being able to make Mass on Sundays. If I remember right, that was a mortal sin dooming my soul to hell and worse, excommunication. Was it really that serious?

As I remember back, I'm not sure my desire for Father Linnehan's presence was so tainted with a desire for self-preservation. I was less concerned with escaping a fall from grace than I was with rising to something, sainthood no doubt! I wanted to glow with a shining radiance, be topped with a halo, swoon with singing angels, and sail through heaven's skies like the eagles and other great birds. On the side I wanted to save the world from the bad guys. Most of all, I wanted to be good, good, good! Good through and through with purity wringing out of every pore. Then my mother wouldn't screech and watch me, but kiss me lightly as she spoke in soft, cooling sounds. Blessed peace would reign in our house for all.

Father Linnehan's presence made our house God's house if only for a few minutes. He sat squeezed between the bed and the wall appropriately attired in high white collar consumed by a long black robe belted with tassels. A benevolent smile rose from his ruddy face fitted tightly with little round spectacles. His watery blue eyes seemed slightly amused at my extensive religious paraphernalia I'd arranged to simulate Mass. I had my own paperback mass book that quite frustrated me in my search for meaning. The statues, rosaries, holy water, crosses and biblical pictures were sent irregularly by a legendary great aunt who also wore black robes and was mysteriously married to God. I vaguely remember Father Linnehan shadowed by an associate and, of course, my mother fluttering and flumying about.

I regret to say we didn't celebrate Mass together. I suppose I got his blessing and permission to be too sick to make it to church. I wonder if I spoke to him of what was in my heart or was I too shy and in awe. Strangely, my memory of his being in the room doesn't always seem to be quite from the angle my little head was at. It's as if I floated out of my body watching his hugeness. Neither do I remember a personal connection later. He became part of the distant landscape although I yearned to be recognized as special. I suppose I regret we weren't left alone and able to speak in tongues!

FREEDOM OF THE AIR
(IN MEMORY OF MIKE ROYCE)
by Charlene Cooke

Do you hear the wind calling you?
Feel the spirits coming to take you away.
Fly upward into forever.
Feel the freedom of the air.
Hear the traffic in your mind.
What's going on in there?
Come to where the eagles fly.
Grab a constellation in your hand.

Take me to a better place,
A land so fresh and clean
Where we may walk upon the clouds
As if in a misty dream.
Let the spirits take you away.
Feel the freedom of the air.
Just lay back and rest your mind,
Soon you'll be there.

Let your soul dance among the stars
To the music playing in the heavens.
Feel the sun's warmth upon your face
As moonlight fades to a new day.
Let the spirits take you away.
Feel the freedom of the air.
Just close your eyes, soon you'll realize,
And you'll be on your way.

The world goes on in a cycle of time.
Some things in life aren't fair.
Just set yourself free into the tide
Of an ageless breeze forever roaming the sky.
Let the spirits take you away.
Feel the freedom of the air.
All good things end, a sad fact of life.
Good bye, I hope we'll meet again.

Let the spirits take you away.
Feel the freedom of the air.
Before the spirits took you
I wish I could have said good bye.
Now I hope you feel the freedom of the air.



One Wasted Life

by Gary Massesa

Soaked with water and mud, Jack found himself lying on the bank of a river and unable to remember who he was, or where he was. All he could recall at the moment was being chased by someone, and in order to escape his pursuer he leaped off a cliff overlooking a river. It all seemed like a nightmare to him. As he rose to his feet he could feel his left arm throb with pain as if someone was pounding it with a hammer. He realized he must have broken it during the fall. After making a sling for his arm he tried to put some thoughts together. As he sat along the muddy bank he gazed out at the water which swept past him in a slow, calm fashion. This had a tranquil effect on him and he began to daydream. Scattered memories flashed by him but one in particular stayed with him. The Connecticut River kept crossing his mind. He thought of fly-fishing for trout with his grandfather. And bitterly recalling his father was killed when Jack was just a boy, many an afternoon the two of them would go down to the river to lure a few fish into taking their dry flies. By the end of the afternoon his grandfather would always outfish Jack just before it was time to go home for supper. He could still hear the trout sizzling in the frying pan cooked by Grandma and his mother and carefully supervised by his grandfather

who always made sure the fish were cooked to his specifications. After the meal they would all sit out on the front porch to watch the fireflies display their lights and listen to the crickets perform their melodic tune. As Jack faded back to reality he noticed that the shrubs and trees along the river bank were quite different from the Connecticut River. They seemed greener and more tropical just like the ones he used to see in the Tarzan movies on Sunday mornings. He realized he wasn't at home, but where was he? Then, off in the distance he could hear voices yelling in a foreign tongue. Suddenly the snapping of a twig awoke him to realize who he was and where he was! He also noted that a group of men were coming closer to him. He rose silently and scanned the jungle for some movement, then he slowly circled around the area where he heard the men and began to escape his unseen enemy. His quick walk slowly became a jog and then a desperate run. As he ran frantically through the jungle he came to a field and began to cross it. Unexpectedly an explosion went off and shrapnel ripped into his flesh. He was dead before he hit the ground. A patrol of young South Vietnamese soldiers found Private Jack Watson, U.S. Army, in the middle of a mine field and wondered what he was running from.

Parnassus

Somewhere In November

by John Dennis Lebel

I would have been deceased for seven years. A child at seventeen, I would have killed myself.

I can't seem to place the exact day, but I do know it was somewhere in November. Love had become an obsession with me. I had known her over a four year period. We worked at a restaurant that served Italian food. And neither of us were. We would talk for hours upon hours after work in her car. But there was never any touch. Still, it was the most valued sensation in our lives, at least, in mine. The most important thing that I wanted from her was to say that she loved me spiritually. To me, the spirit comes before anything.

Anne Marie was something that I needed more and more of, but she thought not. She was five years older than me and it bothered her a great deal. Why, I don't know. Maybe vintage had something to do with love as well as wine. She was going to get married the following year. I never met her fiancé, and I didn't really want to. She would often tell me that he was a bastard, often saying that was the only kind of men she could ever seem to meet and have in her life. I had to start thinking like a bastard now.

Then, one day in November, I could no longer hold in my feelings. I had to tell her. "Anne, I've known you since I was thirteen. I love you, I need you, and I want you."

"Dennis, I can't say the same thing. I have to go." She drove off and left me at the curb, stunned that she was so cold. Even the weather was warmer than she had been. Anyway, I'd see her the following day. Rain or shine.

I saw her. She saw me. I hadn't slept all night. I was thoroughly confused, but I wasn't mad. I'm sure she had thought about it, too. Time went on and on. Days passed and everyone who worked at the restaurant knew what was going on. I felt the need to tell an older man who had always been my confidant. I could tell him anything and it wouldn't pass through anyone's ears but his own. Except this time. I guess he thought it was a good story to pass on to anyone, and that he did well.

I can recall when everyone would say, "You look as if you just died." They all gave me an inspiration. Anne Marie was beginning to realize that I was being a bastard — just what she always had. She also realized that I truly meant what I said to her that night.

The following day, she said, "Dennis, I don't love you. I'm engaged and I really can't stand this shit any longer! You're driving me f—g crazy!"

"I don't believe you!" I said, as I walked away from the walk-in freezer. And I didn't. There are just some things you refuse to believe — does this country have a President? Insomnia was at a point of one hour of sleep a night. "She had to believe me. She has to!" I'd say to myself repeatedly. My parents knew what was going on, but they hadn't interfered with my life since I turned sixteen. In my own eyes, I was a man who could support himself and his actions. I was just about to move out and live on my own.

It was a Friday. Anne Marie was in a pleasant mood. My actions were brief. "Anne, I'm going to kill myself if you don't have me." She laughed. I returned to my cutting table, pulled a long butcher's knife from the side of the table and proceeded to go in the new storage room. Then, I thought of a suicide note. To the men's room I went. The new plasterboard walls would do just fine. On the wall I wrote, "Anne, I love you and if I can't have you, life might as well be in hell for me." Punctuation not included. I returned to the storage room and paced the floor back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Just as I placed the knife to my abdomen, Jim came in. The confidant.

I pierced my white uniform, then my stomach. Jim ran over to me and screamed for help. I turned into a force of five men. A brawl formed and I would not release the twelve inch knife from my hand. I wanted death. I can remember seeing blood on the floor and then finally, myself. I was still fighting for control of the knife, kicking, screaming, and then, release. It was over. I can remember a straight jacket being put on over the bandages. Then, my eyes closed. And a siren was all I could understand or hear.

Since then, time has taught me what a foolish thing the action was. I saw Anne Marie a few nights ago, at a club I brought my date to. Although I am bitter over the past, time must help me to forgive and it has. I danced one dance with Anne Marie. All is understood now, she's divorced from her previous marriage. And she will always be divorced from my heart and soul, but not my mind. That night, I bought her a glass of wine, while my date and I had a bottle of champagne. I just don't like wine anymore. I don't stand on curbs either, they make a bad omen. And I'm not really crazy about Italian food either, especially spaghetti and sauce. After all, do you blame me?

THE GENTLEMAN

by Ben Tallman

The horn blows at midnight for the gentleman
Walking along the beach leaving no footprints in the sand
Sitting on the white bench, he cannot sleep, his spirit
Becomes part of the moonlight
Searching the empty sea for a reflection in the
Broken mirror of the soundless night.

The gift of the eagle is for the gentleman
Clouds in the sky, touching the sun with his awakening hand
Rain falling down, his head is wet; tears falling down
His feet are dry.
Buddha, Jesus, and Bobby Darin at Jake's drinking soda and rye

The smile of a newborn rose is for the gentleman
Facing the same old morning sticking his fingers into
The dreamless fan
The darkness shines through the window, he pulls down
The shades of his soul
Taking a deep breath, he dives into the shallow waters of
The colorless day, picking up the dice to give them another roll.

IN THE VALLEY

by Jeffrey Griffith

It was a jolly time of year
Jingle bells. Peace on Earth.

As I looked for a horizon I saw
sheet metal, rivets and green.

As a patriot departing from the silver bird
I saw my brothers returning home,
in lifeless bags

At a moment of fear I felt little,
if any purpose for life, yet time
and I must overcome.

Yes we were in the Valley of the
Shadow of Death
with one headstone, Viet-Nam.

Skateland

by Linda Hall

My girlfriend and I decided we wanted to do something we hadn't done in years — roller skate. We dug out our old skates and set off to the skating rink we went to when we were kids.

When we arrived, we looked at each other, smiled, and took a deep breath. We put on our skates as fast as we could, just as we did when we were eight years old, when we were pretty good skaters. At first we went very slowly, but as we got going, I wanted to show her I could skate just as fast and fancy as ever. I felt like a little child trying to impress her friends. I took off past her and went right into a figure eight. I wanted to make sure she was watching me so I turned around to where she could easily see. The next thing I knew I crashed into one of the mirrored walls outside of the rink. I felt dizzy, my head like jello. I tried to get up but failed. When I looked into the mirror it was swinging back and forth. It was almost as if my body were traveling through it.

I heard a strange, echoing voice. It didn't sound like my girlfriend. The words were unclear to me but it sounded like a man. He asked me if I would go to a shop with him. I was confused and asked him to explain.

He took me to a place called the "Roller Shoppe." It was incredible! There were designer skates, satin skates, training skates for children, motorized skates for the elderly, waterproof skates, sports skates, skates in all colors, textures, and stages ranging from beginner to professional. There was a little girl with blonde banana curls and blue eyes who looked to be about five. She asked her mother if she could have the skates with Strawberry Shortcake on them. A little pug-nosed boy that desperately tugged on his mother's sleeve cried, "Mommy, I want the Superman ones!" I then noticed a young girl whose face at first glance looked to me like that of an Indian with war paint on. I looked closer and realized that the red and yellow streaks painted on her face were part of a new punk-rock fad. "Do you have any skates that would match my face?" she asked. A group of neighborhood rough-necks ordered skates with "The Skulls" printed on them. The shop was selling skates left and right — skates with "I Love General Hospital," skates with logos of all the major league teams or the players' names printed on them, and extra large skates with Helen Humes and Ella Fitzgerald on them.

My head started to hurt. I heard a female voice speaking to me. "Are you all right?" I realized that it was the voice of my girlfriend.

"I didn't know you were in the shop. What kind of skates are you going to get?" I asked her. "I think I'll get the edible ones. No. I think I'll get the zebra-striped ones or maybe the—"
"What are you talking about? You better take it easy. I don't think we'll go skating for a while. Once every 20 years is enough!"

Monologues

by Tony Casazza

Noise on paper — maybe just chicken-scratchings. For the most part I have nothing to say. Empty words, wasted paper? Maybe. Maybe a lot of serious effort toward no end. You are thinking, "What rubbish, what is he talking about?" But do you know what? I am impressed! I wallow in the sound of my words, the feel of each syllable, as I mold and shape my totally empty ideas into a lofty sounding monologue.

Perhaps my writing lacks any real meaning or content but that is not important. Why? Because I now command your attention. You have been lured in by hollow rhetoric and find yourself compelled to read to the end.

You are now angry with my arrogance and wishing to stop the reading, but you won't. I will explain. You are curiously skeptical of my claim. I am sincere. I really have nothing to say. I am not one who would deceive you, try to persuade you with his polish and practiced eloquence, or even delude you into thinking he has something to say. I don't, but you read on doubtfully, searching for the message. If so, then disappointment be only a few sentences away. Perhaps you continue because you find me humorous. Good! You are sharing in my delight as I playfully and craftily toy with and cleverly manipulate these words into an entertaining little diversion for your aural and visual senses. My amusement has become your pleasure. I am fulfilled.

I cannot speak. My lips are frozen by a nervous fright that permeates my entire being. I am afraid to move or talk lest I be the subject of immediate ridicule. I sit still and quiet, appearing outwardly relaxed, not showing the violent fear that tears and squeezes at my inner self. In desperation I retreat inside myself for a moment of stagnant security, then I return and look around. I see hostility in laughing, smiling faces. They wait for me to do something stupid so they can laugh in amusement. They want a scapegoat and I am he. At first I feared them but now I hate them for what I am and what they will make of me.

The anticipation intensifies and I begin to sweat, wondering when it will come, my infamous moment of humiliation. My emotional terror grows as I wait in fear of the climactic moment.

They look so confident, so comfortable, toying with me in passive intimidation. All my feelings and emotions are naked to them. They thrive on my fear. They wait, they wait. Don't they know what they are doing to me? Of course they do. They enjoy it like little children slowly and torturingly pulling the legs off a toad, prolonging the sadistic thrill of the pain.

My sweat is dripping on the desk. I want to crawl inside but it is too small. The room is too small. It closes in, squeezing the air from my lungs. My head begins to throb with dizziness.

Nightmare ends! The teacher enters the room with a cheerful "Good Morning."

I can now confess my crime. It was brutal and violent as I angrily and vengefully threw it down the stairs. I grinned sadistically as I watched its innards splatter noisily against the front door, not feeling even one-half ounce of regret at having taken such a life.

The tragic tale began four years ago. It was a gift, so tiny with such an innocent face. It perched on the table quietly at first, purring contentedly as if it could sit there forever.

Then it became a monster, waking me up rudely and loudly, glaring down at me until I got up to tend to it. The torment increased until I could not even doze off to sleep at all. It would roar like a lion or just hum, watching me, laughing at me in animal delight. I could not sleep. It was turning me into a madman with its incessant buzzing. I was not in my own mind when I looked it in the closet overnight or even the time I tied it up in a towel in the bureau drawer. It still made itself heard, wouldn't let me forget its hateful presence in my house. Then I was sure we could live in the same place and I began to plot its destruction. It was either "it" or me, "its" amusement or my sanity. I became viciously abusive, kicking it across the room for spite and even hanging it out the window on a bitter cold night by closing the window on its cordlike tail. I gave it some cruel abuses to howl about. After a few weeks of this silent warfare between us I realized what it was doing to me. I was getting revenge on it but it had turned me into a sleepless, maniacal, revenge-seeking, evil soul. It had won its game so I had to end it to save myself and regain peace of mind. As it lay in pieces at the bottom of the stairs, I laughed, knowing it had brought about its own fate, the death of an alarm clock.

Parnassus

THE SNOB

by Sheree J. Burlington

cooly confident, boredly detached

through half closed eyes
the world is watched.

disorganization in polyester
staggers everywhere,
a frustrated passage
through cool silks and wools,

social stratification
alive
and well.

STEAL THIS FLOWER

by Helen Wolfe Allen

I am a beggar for lilacs,
A beggar and a thief--
When I see them,
When I smell them,
I must have them,
Blossom, stem and leaf.

Record The Joy

by -Ria Clue-

While I was with Ryan, I wrote only when I felt upset. My words - scribbled in sorrow - were always enough to conquer my depression. My mind was in better functioning condition after letting inner turmoil loose on paper.

This sanity-keeper became a part of me for the three years I loved Ryan. When overcome with sadness, I'd go directly to my desk and would "write through" my grief. This reaction continued until I had a fat notebook full of tear-stained entries.

I vaguely recall joy entering my life. During times of happiness, I'd enjoy life thoroughly. Not requiring an outlet of expression, I didn't bother myself with writing. My pen and notebook never occurred to me at blissful moments.

During the sorrow, I allowed myself to fill empty pages with melancholy thoughts. I never fail to cry while reading feelings of those years. I must commend myself - the times I wrote about were captured perfectly! Refreshing my brain with memories of times with Ryan never ceases to leave me low.

I try to remember myself with Ryan. The good times are blurry and distorted. I try to picture myself with him again. (The hard times are recollected to the smallest detail.) All I have left of Ryan is a tear-stained notebook full of sad entries.

Are you a recorder of life events also? If you are not, then your memories will surely fade. But if you are, please take my advice. Remember to write during your elation. Take the time out to record the joy.

CROSSROADS

by Charlene Cortes

We've been together for so long
Traveling this dusty road
With old, worn-out feelings.
I've nothing to call my own.
Up ahead, I see a light gleaming.
It's warm and shining bright.
But before I can reach it
I have to make things right.
You see, I have these mixed up feelings,
I don't know what's wrong or right.
And if I'm to feel that warmth,
This must be our last night.
We've come to the crossroads.
We should both go our own ways.
We've come to the final act
Of this tragic play.
But, as the curtain closes
And we go our separate ways--
I hope you'll find your light ahead
And you'll feel its warmth.
I hope you'll find your happiness.
I hope you reach your star.
Good-bye...

A Night To Remember

by H. James Unger

My adventure into the world of diamonds began on a Friday night. I was driving to work after school when I heard a commercial on the radio for a store called Van Scoy's Diamond Mine in Natick. The ad said that they were having a sale Friday and Saturday only, when all their diamonds would be half off their regular prices.

My girlfriend Monique and I had been talking about buying a diamond ring for quite some time; but we both knew it wouldn't be affordable until I could sell one of the cars that I am restoring.

We decided it would be fun to look, even though we couldn't buy anything, so we left for Natick after I got out of work at 6:00. When we arrived at the Sherwood Plaza, we found Van Scoy's and nervously ventured inside.

Once inside we were amazed at how busy it was. There were at least twenty people waiting in line in the showroom with a police guard at the door.

There were no showcases or displays as in a typical jewelry store, just a room with salesmen at their desks. There were two desks set up in the showroom and at least eight more in a backroom that was visible from the showroom.

After about a twenty minute wait, it was our turn and, just with our luck, we got the showroom seat. When we sat down with our saleslady, Donna, Monique told her we were interested in diamond solitaires. I don't know a thing about jewelry so at this point I was already lost. Donna went into the vault and brought out four little packets. She opened the first packet and there was a .76 carat diamond. She showed us the flaws, color, and clarity in the diamond. After looking at the four diamonds that she brought out under

a magnifying glass and comparing them to each other, we decided we would rather see something smaller and of better quality. The next one she brought out was a .53 carat diamond and according to Donna it was a "perfect diamond" which means it has no visible flaws under ten times magnification.

I looked at it under the magnifying glass and couldn't see a thing wrong. It was perfectly clear, not a scratch or crack to mar its beauty. The color was a brilliant blue-white. I had never seen anything so bright in my life except when I turned and saw Monique's eyes. This was when I could tell that our trip to look might become more complicated.

Donna left us with the diamond so that we could talk. Just looking at that diamond was a selling point. Another diamond was sitting on the desk beside it and there was just no comparison in quality. When Donna came back we had decided to go ahead and look at settings. After looking at many settings, we decided to take down the number of the diamond and setting that she liked the best and leave so we could talk about it. By this time the store was closing so we could come back in the morning if we decided we wanted it.

On the way home we talked about if we could afford it. The only way possible would be if Monique bought it and I repaid her when I sold the car. This sounded alright, but what if I couldn't sell the car until spring? Finally Monique decided that it would be best to wait, that way my car would be sold and I would have the money I needed. I'm glad that she made the decision because after seeing the look that diamond brought to her face, I could never have said no.

IT BRUSHES OUR EARS

by Cathy Synan

The wind is soft,
so soft
that it brushes our ears
with all the lies
that blow
in the wind.

A Solemn Occasion

by Sheree Burlington

As the bus pulled away, the rain began to fall. It was summertime in Florida, no place to be, as any damned fool Yankee still in his right mind could tell you. The streetlights, dull and yellow, strained for the ground, and when night came, it was in a moment, gray to black. I leaned my forehead against the cool, damp glass and stared into my reflection. There were dark circles under my eyes. I closed them, a little tired, and settled into my seat. It was quiet on the bus. The intermittent glow of overhead reading lamps shone on heads bent over books and magazines, and as we growled our way slowly toward Orlando, it seemed a solemn occasion.

Sitting next to me, thin fingers drumming the seat impatiently, was a nervous boy, his stringy brown hair reaching in spikes to his shoulders. He appeared unsure and questions and confusion rode all over his young face. His name was Steve, and during the next nine weeks I would see him, though I would not recognize him. Across the aisle, staring into the dog-eared pages of a Mad Magazine was Randy. He was underage and had lied about his age to get in. I thought he was crazy, but there he was, smug in his sureness, ready for anything.

Earlier in the day, while the steamy sun still stared down wickedly, several of us had, cocky and laughing, stolen away to lap up several sweating pitchers of cold beer and relish a final taste of juvenile freedom. None of us knew each other, and conversation was full of abridged life stories and of who we thought we were. Our laughter was loud and sometimes hysterical, and the waitress rolled her eyes and shook her head when we finally filed out of the cool darkness and into the flashing sunlight. We had walked slowly the three blocks between us and the Induction Center, still joking and horsing, but in a more subdued, thoughtful manner. To the east, the clouds grew dark as the door closed behind the last person.

When I awoke, it was one a.m. and we had just pulled into a small, dimly lit station. There was no one around and the high pitched quiet of the night filled the air as the driver cut the motor. We were told, amid of a chorus of stretches and groans, that this was where we would wait, to be met by a bus from the base. Once the luggage was removed from the bowels of the bus, it pulled away, its low rumble fading until the quiet had returned. An hour later, tired and feeling abandoned, we were still waiting. The cool night air had turned chilly and filled with gripes and complaints. At two-thirty a long gray bus came finally, squeakingly to a halt under the streetlight.

The driver, a young man of about twenty, looked rumpled and sleepy. A few curious questions were asked of him, which he answered in a bored, prerecorded voice. The drive, which took less than fifteen minutes,

led through a suspicious maze of turns. This was an obvious attempt to confuse us, and as I planned my escape, the bus halted and turned again. There were guards at the gate, starched and rifled, who saluted before boarding. As steely eyes looked us over, I shifted guiltily in my seat. Satisfied and with manifest in hand, they returned to their post. A burly man with a pot belly got on and with a voice full of gravel and authority, ordered all of the men to pick up their gear and file out. And no talking. I said goodbye to Steve and watched as he and his hair swung out and onto the pavement.

There were twelve girls and the driver left, and no one spoke. As we rattled down a deserted, well-lit street, I could see, in the shadows, the tall hurricane fence that surrounded the perimeter of the base. I groaned inwardly to see the three rows of barbed wire strung along the top and tried to ignore the tightening in my chest. Several turns later, beside a long, brightly lit awning, half a dozen serious looking women awaited our arrival. One woman, looking more serious than the others began yelling immediately, decidedly in charge. I listened in dull surprise as a series of television cliché's poured from her mouth, including how not even our mothers could help us now. The small girl standing next to me shook visibly under the verbal onslaught, and I was told twice to stop talking. The next short eternity was spent being effectively and efficiently stripped of all unnecessary personal effects, with particular attention placed on food and makeup. The word "smuggle" snuck stealthily across the back of my mind, but did not show on my face.

Having been sufficiently indoctrinated, we were led into a sleeping building where the floors shone softly, and the air was cool and still. Quiet lighting revealed a long room flanked by even rows of gray metal bunks, thirty to either side. Most of the beds were occupied; dark silhouettes were outlined in shadow. Led to a bunk and ordered to get some sleep, I quietly made the top bunk and clumsily scaled the side. Tingling with exhaustion and nerves, I fell onto my back and stared at the ceiling, wondering at what I had gotten myself into. Soon, exhaustion overtook nerves, and I fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

Someone was yelling loudly and bright light pierced my heavy eyelids. I rolled over and wrapped the pillow around my head in an effort to block out the intrusion. Cutting clearly through the last vestiges of sleep were the words, "Revilte, revilte, zero five thirty, revilte, on the line, ladies!" Boiling upright, I looked around me in confused horror. Far to my left and further to my right, a sea of pajamaed strangers, and in the middle of the floor, still yelling, was the woman from the welcoming committee.

THE LONG STRING

by Helen Wolfe Allen

I gave my kite a lot of string
To search the windy skies.
It flew so high on golden wings,
It floated on a sigh.
No miser with the string was I,
But spendthrift, let it out
And when at last the long string broke
I gave a happy shout--
I never had to reel it in
And see it lose the sky.

Ten Weeks

by Linda Gallant

It was September, the beginning of my junior year in high school, and I was sixteen. An ambulance brought my mother, Dorothy, home. Since I had been seven years old, she had been going to and coming from hospitals quite frequently, but she had always come home in our car. Why should it be different this time?

I learned later she was given seven to eight weeks to live by her doctors. Having no choice, she accepted the diagnosis without anger and lived with it for ten weeks.

To me, anybody that can accept and wait for death to creep up behind while watching in a mirror is unbelievably brave. Each day she became weaker and eventually was bedridden.

The last weeks of her life were spent in a large bedroom which in actuality was a large coffin with a door so that people might join her.

I kept asking myself if this were right. There were so many people around that privacy was reduced to a figure of speech. The thing that bothered me the most was that some visitors came not to comfort her but rather themselves.

Some came to see her and relieve their feeling of guilt. Family and friends would file by her bed looking into her eyes for forgiveness of their past actions of name calling, accusations, threats, and bad wishes. As an example, one sister who once had said, "Cancer is not good enough for you," was there many times during this ten week period. My mother had forgiven her for that comment and many other incidents long before September. She was dying and forgave all that came to see her, but I could not.

There are people who would not appreciate lively green leaves waving in a warm summer breeze. They would only notice leaves in a cold fall breeze and praise them for their beautiful colors, when the leaves are dead. As they would praise the leaves, the day she died they sat around with each other and praised my mother.

THE BRAVE ONES

by Charlene Cortes

Long live the young soldier
Who so bravely gave his life
While fighting for a cause,
Never knowing if the cause was right.

Long live the men in power
Who so bravely declare war
But send others in to fight
As they do nothing more.

Long live senseless killing
So righteously called "defense"
But never "murder" by name.
It all makes perfect sense.

Long live "we the people"
Who really have no say
As we bravely defend the country.
It's "we the people" who really pay.

Long live the spirit to kill
For what we feel is right.
We must carry out government will.
Who cares? It's only human life.

BORN MOTHER

by Helen Wolfe Allen

You're a born mother, little girl,
they said when she played dolls.

You're a good mother, young woman,
They said when she played children.

She's senile, poor thing, they say,
in the nursing home where she stays

because not one of her eight children
happens to be a born mother.

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Features

World hunger a growing problem

by Nancy Robinson

A slide-show on world hunger drew a large audience in the Learning Resource Center at Northern Essex on November 17.

The program featured a discussion with Ginny Bradley, who joined a study tour sponsored by Oxfam America and travelled to Nicaragua and Costa Rica last June. The program also included a brief introduction to an area organization, World Hunger Year, by Director Jim Kimball.

The slide-show was based on the book, *Food First*, by Frances Moore Lappe. It offered a broad view of the world hunger situation and gave a strong presentation of facts. During one part of the show, the narrator spoke of the piles of grain rotting on the ground in Bangladesh, guarded by soldiers. In one year, over 200 metric tons of grain are lost due to poor storage.

After the slide-show, Bradley said, "Oxfam America is now developing cooperatives in order to train people to build storage tanks to hold the grain."

The slide presentation maintained that there is plenty of food for everyone, but hunger persists because we lack the know-how to end it. There are workable and affordable solutions, yet the will and commitment to get the job done has been lacking. A concentrated world effort is needed to overcome the social, economic, and political barriers standing in the way.

During the discussion of Bradley's study tour, many references were made to the troubles in El Salvador. "People are fleeing El Salvador. In fact, if I were speaking there now (about hunger) my life would be in jeopardy. It is estimated that within 100 years 40 percent of the population in the United States will have a Latin descent. These people are fleeing to the United States; mainly to areas like Texas and Los Angeles," Bradley said.

The situation in Nicaragua, according to Bradley, has been much improved. She said, "When I was in Nicaragua, I was able to see a broad range of the system. Since the revolution in 1975, amazing changes have taken place. People are being fed, literacy has improved, and the unemployment rate has dropped."

She said these positive changes have come about as a result of a threat from the United States. "Nicaragua is building up its defenses," she claimed, "the United States has allocated 19 million dollars to destabilize the government of Nicaragua through the C.I.A." To add weight to her observation, she produced several well-known news magazines containing articles about this event.

"We ought to let our government know how we feel about this," she commented. "We need to know more about what is going on in Central America, and open our minds and hearts to what is happening."

Costa Rica, she said, is also in a delicate position. The country has had a long-standing democratic government and a well developed coffee bean industry, but it is in a bad economic situation. Although they have a modern, efficient processing method for the coffee beans, they are dependent upon the export of the crop, and are having trouble paying their debts.

"The numbers of landless poor are growing and they are moving into the cities," said Bradley, "where they are living without running water and sufficient plumbing in houses they have built themselves."

Near the end of the program, Bradley commented, "If you want to see hunger end, do something about it. Do whatever makes sense to you. We must work to change the situation. Letters to Senators and Congressmen are helpful, as is joining a local organization. If your feelings are positive, then go to it."



Ginny Bradley speaking on world hunger at Learning Resource Center. -Carl Russo photo.



Prof. Donald Conway, Cindy Casey, Barbara Daniels and Student Activities Director Steve Michaud stand in front of Note Rack lately installed in the lobby of the Classroom Building. The Rack has been donated by The Northern Essex Community College Foundation to make communications easier for students, staff and faculty. -Carl Russo photo.



Bettina Gregory speaking to students at Endicott College.

-Cathy Olson photo.

Bread and butter, issues of 80s

by Cathy Olson and Judy Sirski

"The issues of the eighties are 'bread and butter' versus 'guns and butter,'" said Bettina Gregory, senior correspondent for ABC News. During her lecture, "Reagonomics, Where Do We Go From Here?" on Thursday, Nov. 11 at Endicott College, Beverly, she said, "In the sixties, we were concerned about the protests. In the seventies it was the energy crisis; but, now we no longer have the luxury of thinking of these issues."

Discussing the present economic situation, Gregory asked the audience to think about where we have been. "In 1980," she says, "Reagan swept in and now gone are the peanuts and the blue jeans and in are the marine guards and the new china."

Suggesting why Ronald Reagan was elected president, Gregory continued, "I believe Americans vote for the man - someday a woman - but that the issues sometimes become secondary. The person who is elected seems to be perceived as filling the nation's psychological need."

"We wanted to cleanse ourselves after Nixon," Gregory continues. "We wanted a non-politician, someone who could give us catharsis and put us back on the road. Jimmy Carter was decent, moral, and religious, but that was perceived as weak."

Gregory cites other reasons for the choice of Reagan. "In 1980, the nation had a different character. Frankly, I believe the man Americans wanted was not available - John Wayne. We wanted someone to take us back to the 'good guy' era - someone who would ride his white horse onto the White House lawn." "Since the eighties is the decade of people who hate Washington bureaucracy, we fail to realize that the need to put things in balance was a trend that started with Carter. Carter was the most conservative Democratic president we had and his policies actually began the trend towards Reaganomics."

Commenting on Reagan's campaign promise of cutting federal taxes, balancing the budget and raising defense standing, Gregory remarked, "I would suggest that anyone who can do those three things at the same time should not be running for president, he should be running for God."

Gregory explained that inflation dropped from 12 percent to 6 percent since Reagan's policies were enacted. "yet, the cost of this is the highest unemployment rate since World War II. The U.S. Treasury is like a house of cards

about to tumble in. We are looking at a deficit for the 1983 budget to be in the realm of 150 billion dollars," she said.

Citing the lack of real alternatives offered, Gregory asserted, "In my view it is a national tragedy that the Democrats offer no real solutions. The mid-term election of '82 was negative. Congress gave Reagan what he wanted, then the Democrats criticized it to gain 26 seats in the House. While Reagan was urging 'stay the course,' the Democrats advocated 'reverse the curse' without offering any alternatives."

Looking to the future, Gregory believes that the administration will modify the present course. "Reagan is now talking about spending programs to create new jobs. There is talk of an increase on the gas tax. Of course, Reagan does not call this a tax, he calls it a 'user's fee.' The message is, however, that the nation is looking for some legislation and looking for the pendulum to swing back. I truly believe Reagan will modify his programs."

Noting the national concern about the nuclear arms race as reflected in the ballot questions of the recent elections, Gregory commented, "The fact that the nuclear arms freeze passed in all states should cause moderation in ICBM building. The message to Washington has been to float the boat, stay the course for two more years, but steer more moderately; to ease the lot of some 11 million people who are out of work, and to moderate defense policies."

Following her speech, Gregory paused briefly to chat with students. Commenting that life as an ABC correspondent can be hectic as well as rewarding, she smiled, "I can get used to anything. In the early days, if I was home for three days in a row, I wondered what terrible thing I'd done."

Sometimes required to fly 10 thousand miles away at a moment's notice, Gregory's reporting assignments have included the royal wedding, the Patty Hearst trial, the attempt to assassinate President Reagan, and Northern Ireland unrest.

"In Northern Ireland, there were blackout curtains on the hotel windows to keep glass from shattering inward. There was a nick in the mirror on the wall where a bullet ricocheted. While we were out on assignment, I heard a rumor that my hotel had been bombed and I called there to check. The switchboard operator told me they were only 'receiving bomb threats' that day."

Her blue eyes flashing, Gregory grinned, "It was experiences like this that prepared me for Washington."

Metropolitan Center shut down

by Joanne Housianitis

The Boston Metropolitan Center has been shut down indefinitely. A structural engineering firm informed the board of directors at the center that the certification for the safety of the roof could not be granted.

The firm that was called to inspect the roof of the 4200 seat performing arts center said, "corrosion is present in the steel reinforcing the gypsum roof slabs."

The management stated that they were on the brink of announcing the showing of three popular Broadway shows, when they received the bad news.

Due to the shut down, the Hynes Auditorium will house the Pavarotti concert and Boston Ballet Company's

annual holiday production, "The Nutcracker."

The center was built in 1926 as a movie palace. Although it underwent renovations in 1980, it is almost six million dollars in debt.

Joseph M. Hobbs, President of the Met Center, said that more extensive testing would be needed to determine the severity of the present roof problem. The price for repairs could range from \$350,000 to nearly one million dollars, funds that the Met Center does not have.

Mr. Hobbs hopes that the community will take its part in raising funds to save the 76 year old structure, thus keeping the arts alive.

Features

Margaret Wight recommends Peace Corps

by Mary Hay

Margaret Wight, a native of South Groveland, has recently returned to the United States after spending two years with the Peace Corps in the Pacific Island nation of Micronesia. A nursing graduate of the University of Southern Maine, she says that she first became interested in serving needy people in underdeveloped countries when she learned about the *Good Ship Hope*.

After graduation, she worked with juvenile diabetic girls at a summer camp and gained experience while working in a hospital for a year. She applied for the Peace Corps and says that they did a thorough investigation and extensive medical screening before she was accepted.

When she was given her assignment, she was tutored in the Marshallese language and culture to ease the transition into their society. During the two years of her stay, she lived with a native family that had six children. Although she was accepted as a member of the family group, she spoke mostly with the females, as their culture did not permit association with its male members.

While in the Marshall Islands, she worked with local medical personnel in Project Head Start, a pre-school education program for the poor. Her work included giving medical and dental screening tests and treatments to over 500 children. Although 200 of the children were located in the district center, 300 of them lived throughout the 2,000 mile island.

Wight says that she was transported to the island villages by boat and small plane, visiting the young patients about once every three months. She says that the traveling was difficult as there were

constant malfunctioning problems with the local transportation.

Wight says, "The weather is hot and humid making the pace much slower there. The people have no regard for time." Although anti-American feelings are prevalent on the islands, most of the people are very hospitable and generous, she says. When they visited the island villages, the people gave parties for them and gave them gifts of flowers.

The people are still feeling the effects of the hydrogen bomb that was dropped on the islands in World War II by the Americans. Natives still cannot return to the islands that were destroyed. The displaced population has been put on a small island that is now overcrowded. There is a high rate of disease and the water is polluted.

She says that the general population is poor and their diet consists of rice, fish and canned meats. Malnutrition is a common problem due to their ignorance of proper diet which is high in starch content, while the unsanitary conditions of the area breed ill health. Many of the people are afflicted with parasites, amoeba and diabetes. The leading cause of death is the damage caused by the hydrogen bomb.

Many of the people are employed on Quadulane, an American missile base. They are torn between the opportunity to earn a better living and their anger at the Americans for what happened during the war. The people are always asking questions about the government and view the American volunteers as political figures.

Wight says, "At first, I had many periods of frustration and depression. So much was needed to help the people," she says, "that even our accomplishments



Margaret Wight, Peace Corps Volunteer.

-Carl Russo photo.

seemed minimal. When we were first sent there, we were very naive about our government, not very aware of developing countries, on poverty and how other people in the world are living."

Towards the end of her stay, she gained confidence in herself and her ability. "I felt a lot better about myself as a nurse and as an American," she says. "I grew up a lot because of being challenged by the people, the environment and the children."

Wight feels that she has been able to adapt to situations because she comes from a close-knit family of six children and says that her parents have been very

supportive of her efforts.

She has been assigned to Washington, D.C. as a staff nurse to train and assist new groups for service. She hopes to ease the shock for other Peace Corps volunteers as they meet their assignments.

Wight highly recommends the Peace Corps especially for those who are very creative, adaptable and innovative. She advises people who are interested in the Peace Corps to obtain work experience before applying. She feels that experience and maturity are positive advantages in meeting the challenges they will encounter.

Dengler photo collection preserves Lawrence past

by Nancy Robinson

She was fascinated by the immigrant history of Lawrence. In fact, she was so intrigued by it she turned a collection of old photographs and personal records into an archive to preserve the ethnic heritage of Lawrence for present and future generations.

Eartha Dengler, founder of the Immigrant City Archives, says, "I started collecting this material in 1975 and was fascinated to see how different ethnic groups interacted and, for the most part, got along well."

The Immigrant City Archives (I.C.A.) was incorporated in 1978. With the help of the International Institute, a social

service agency designed to aid immigrants, and the many people who came forward offering their own personal papers and old photographs, the collection grew rapidly.

Today, the collection includes a master file containing 600 entries of schools, churches, clubs, societies and unions that were active between 1845 and 1945. The I.C.A. also possesses many records, such as account books, pamphlets, photographs, membership lists, and written accounts of meetings.

"We try not only to collect material," Dengler says, "but to make people aware of their attitudes towards immigrants. We try to promote knowledge and under-

standing of different ethnic groups."

Dengler was born in Germany and immigrated to the United States with her husband in 1951. They lived in Chicago for six years before moving to Lawrence in 1957. Currently, they live in Andover. Dengler and her husband have three children and two grandchildren.

Dengler earned her bachelor of arts degree at the University of Massachusetts and her Master's from Simmons College. She was a member of the Board of Directors for the Lawrence YWCA from 1959-1970, and a librarian at the Andover Public Library from 1971-1976. Currently, she divides her time and holds two positions. She works part-time at the Merrimack Valley Textile Museum as a librarian and also at the Immigrant City Archives.

"We are similar to a historical society," says Dengler of the I.C.A., "but our name was derived from the nickname of Lawrence, which used to be known as 'Immigrant City.'"

A non-profit organization, the I.C.A. receives 85 percent of its funding from the Massachusetts Council of Arts and Humanities. The other 15 percent comes from contributions, other foundations and membership fees. These funds, along with periodic grants for special projects, enable the I.C.A. to systematically document old records, photographs, personal papers, and taped interviews.

In the four years since the I.C.A. was incorporated, the collection has grown tremendously, and the organization has moved twice. Since 1979, when the I.C.A. occupied a tiny room at the Lawrence YWCA, the group has expanded and now operates from a large office on the second floor of the building.

In 1980, the National Institute

recognized the achievements of the I.C.A. and awarded them with the Immigrant City Award.

The I.C.A. began a project in 1979 to record memories of the past. Through taped interviews with those who were active in different ethnic groups and organizations, the I.C.A. is preserving these memories of long ago years. The project still continues today and these tapes are available to the community for research.

The I.C.A. is also in the final stages of a project called the Ethnic Burial Sites Project, begun in 1980. More than 1000 black and white photographs were taken of grave monuments, along with 30 grave rubbings, and interviews with funeral directors. The project will be transferred into a file system and await research of ethnic burial societies and customs.

The I.C.A. is in the process of having a large number of old photographs restored. This project, to be completed by the Northeast Document Conservation Center in Andover, is funded by a grant from the Massachusetts Council of Arts and Humanities with matching dollars from the I.C.A.

"We felt it was important to restore these pictures. In one or two years there might not have been much left of them," Dengler says.

"We are currently writing a booklet on how to write and research a family history," continues Dengler, "and we are waiting to see if we will be granted funding for a walking tour of the city we would like to give Lawrence High School students."

Dengler says the I.C.A. is available for the entire community, and welcomes college students to use the facilities for research.

Northeastern sponsors Health Career Day

To provide students, parents and teachers the opportunity to learn more about health careers, Northeastern University is sponsoring a Health Careers Day on Saturday, Dec. 4, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. It will be held in the Dockser Hall, Forsyth Street (off Huntington Ave.), Boston.

Faculty from over 30 different health

specializations will provide information on future professional trends, employment opportunities, curriculum, recommended high school preparation and admission policies. In addition there will be student guided tours of Northeastern's facilities, and health career-oriented speakers and films will be offered throughout the day.



Eartha Dengler, founder of Immigrant City Archives.

-Carl Russo photo.

Montserrat seeks aspiring artists

Montserrat School of Visual Art is a professional school training artists in the traditional way. Small in enrollment, it affords close contact with the instructors who are themselves productive artists. The dominating concern is with the development of creative ability.

There are two objectives at Montserrat. The first is to define, through study, the attitudes, disciplines and expectations of the professional artist. The second objective is to help develop the above components towards maturity.

Admission to the school is determined by the director and faculty. Montserrat does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, creed, sex or national origin in admissions policy, scholarship aid or any school administered program.

Representatives of Montserrat will be on campus to participate in College Transfer Day, Tuesday, Nov. 23, in the Cafeteria. Questions regarding credit transfer and curricula as well as tuition policies and financial aid can be answered at that time.

Places to visit

Many lives have passed through

by Karen Lord

"I choose not to have been born in Lowell," is a famous statement made by James McNeil Whistler on several occasions. Famous for his painting, "The Whistler's Mother," the home in which he was born occupies a significant place in Lowell's history.

The Whistler House is located at 243 Worthen St. in Lowell, but according to Edward Harley, the Library Technician at the Lowell National Historical Park, "the house is important to Lowell for reasons other than the obvious."

The house was built in 1825 for Paul Moody who headed the Lowell Machine Shop and was also responsible for Lowell's re-invention of the Power Loom.

In 1834, George Washington Whistler came to Lowell. He was engaged by the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals as the Chief Engineer and put in charge of the Machine Shop and the entire construction department of the company. He also built locomotives for the Boston and Lowell railroads. The Whistler family lived in the house from 1834 until 1837. James A. McNeil Whistler was born in that house on July 10, 1834.

George Whistler later went to Russia to work on the railroads, and James Whistler spent most of his time painting in England and France.

Paul Moody and the Whistlers are not the only important Lowellians associated

with this house. George Brownell, who was the superintendent of the Locks and Canals Machine Shop, lived in this house from 1838 until 1845. James Bichens Francis, Chief Engineer of the Locks and Canals company, lived there between 1845 and 1869.

In both 1896 and 1906, Mrs. Bridget Lynch owned the Moody-Whistler House. It was a Greek boarding house until 1907. In 1908, three years after Whistler's death in London, the Lowell Art Association acquired the House and restored it, turning it into a local home of the arts of design with exhibition rooms on the ground floor and a studio above.

The house is important architecturally, because it is the only house left standing that was used to house Merrimack Manufacturing Company executives.

The two and a half story house contains 14 rooms and 11 fireplaces. Its hallway is filled with portraits including George Washington Whistler and James McNeil Whistler. In the James B. Francis room, there is a very dark original painting of "Whistler's Mother," that covers the wall. The original name of the painting is "Arrangement in Gray and Black."

The windows in the house are covered by Indian shutters, although Indian attacks were few. On one of the walls is a letter written by George Whistler, describing the birth of his son, James Whistler.



Mary Earl Wood's painting studio at the Whistler house.

-Carl Russo photo.

Another room in the house contains original paintings that were done by the famous Mary Earl Wood.

All of the rooms are filled with paintings and different artifacts that mean so much to the history of Lowell.

The Whistler House is open to the public Tuesday through Sunday, from 1

p.m. to 4 p.m. As you walk through this house and look around, you will surely feel the many lives that have passed through it.

So, although James McNeil Whistler chooses not to have been born in Lowell, we have no intention of letting him forget that he was.



William Henry Moody room in the Buttonwood house. Portrait is of Moody, who was secretary of the Navy for Theodore Roosevelt.

-Carl Russo photo.



Early nineteenth century hats and shoes on display at the Buttonwood house.

-Carl Russo photo.

Buttonwoods has oldest living tree in New England

by Sharon Perrault

A good place to visit in Haverhill is Buttonwoods, an old colonial home converted into a museum housing much of Haverhill's history in artifacts. It is located at 240 Water Street, approximately a block from Hale Hospital.

Buttonwoods was originally built of wood in 1663 by Nathaniel Saltonstall for himself and his bride. Several generations of Saltonstalls occupied the home until the late 1700's when a fire damaged the building. In 1814, the James Duncan family rebuilt the place in brick.

Buttonwoods is named for the trees planted on the grounds by a caretaker in 1739. There are three other buildings on the grounds. One is the Cobbler Shop, an early shoe factory big enough for only two

workers. Another is Tenney Hall which houses a large display of Indian relics. The third is the John Ward house, the oldest frame home in the city. It was built for the Rev. John Ward who lived there from 1641 to 1693.

It takes a couple of hours to see all at the Buttonwoods. Among displays are hand-made lead bullets used in the Revolutionary War, the first typewriter used in Haverhill, a hat worn by the Keystone Cops, the ax-head used by Hannah Dustin to kill ten Indians to save her family, and even a button dropped by George Washington during his two-day stay in 1789.

The structure of the house is worth noting. The rooms are large with high ceilings and windows with tiny panes of

glass. The stairway is wide; in the Duncan Room a small door leads to the children's playroom.

The early furniture is beautiful. In the Moody Room there is a huge desk with hand-carvings of dragons, serpents, animals and the figures of men and women on the four corners. Shutters are still on the inside of the windows as well as on the outside for protection against Indian attacks. Outside stands an oak tree said to be one thousand years old. The tree is said to be the oldest living thing in New England.

Tenney Hall is presently being renovated into a children's museum which will still have the arrowheads and other Indian artifacts children never seem to tire of, but also a piano which will make a

ghost appear when a certain key is pressed.

Buttonwoods was presented to the Haverhill Historical Society by Mrs. Mary Duncan Harris, daughter of James Duncan, in January, 1904. It is open from September to May, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from 2 to 5 p.m. and June, July and August from 1 to 5 p.m. Admission is 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for teenagers, and 10 cents for children under 10.

To get there from Northern Essex, go to Route 110, take a left and follow until Routes 110 and 125 connect. Follow Route 125 through four sets of lights, turning left at the fourth set. You will be on Water Street. Buttonwoods will be on your left.

Worthern Tavern dates back to 19th century

by Linda Gallant

The Old Worthern Tavern at 143 Worthern Street in Lowell has served as a tavern since the late nineteenth century. Architecturally, the three-story building is a brick and frame survivor from the initial phases of Lowell's development in the 1830's and 1840's.

The ground floor of the building is made of brick and rubble "canal stone" because of a stipulation in the sale deed to the land purchases in 1832. For the sum of \$992, Hiram Nichols and Henry C. Johnson bought the land from Locks and Canal Company. A clause in the deed prevented the building of any structure higher than 12 feet and of any other

material than brick and stone.

When the single story building was completed in 1834, it became the site of Johnson's India Goods Store. In 1847, two carpenters, Stephen Hodgkins and Edward Gannett, bought the property. Despite the deed's prohibitions against building over 12 feet, they apparently added the frame upper floors. Residing upstairs, they maintained work rooms on the ground floor.

By 1853, Hodgkins had moved out and the Gannett family stayed on through the 1880's, building additions in the rear.

Liquor dealer John O'Donnell bought the property in 1889. He remodeled the

building and opened the Worthern House, hotel and tavern. Today's pressed tin ceiling and bar date back to O'Donnell's remodeling. A system of belt-linked ceiling fans also remains.

During the years of Prohibition, the building was listed under four establishments, although it was rumored that the occupants maintained the tavern's traditional use.

The building housed Adelard N. Gerard's restaurant from 1933 until 1941. In 1942, the restaurant became the Old Worthern. Jack Kerouac, Alan Ginsberg, and Jimmy Breslin are said to have been among its patrons.



Counseling

Academic majors of area colleges

BABSON COLLEGE - Wellesley, MA: Accounting, American Studies, Communications, Economics, Entrepreneurial Studies, Finance, Investments, Law, Mgt. & Organ. Behavior, Marketing, Quant. Methods, and Society & Tech.

BENTLEY COLLEGE - Waltham, MA: Accounting, Bus. Communication, Economics & Finance, Gen. Bus., Legal & Behavioral Studies, Management, Marketing Mgt., Public Admin., Quant. Analysis as Applied to Business, Liberal Arts, Economics.

BOSTON COLLEGE - Chestnut Hill, MA: Biology, Chemistry, Classical Civilization & Classics, Computer Science, Economics, English, Fine Arts, Art History, Studio Art, Geology and Geophysics, Germanic Studies, History, Linguistics, Mathematics, Music, Philosophy, Physics, Political Science, Psychology, Romance Languages and Literatures, French, Italian, Spanish, Courses Offered in English, Bi-Lingual Education Courses, Slavic Studies, Sociology, Speech Communication and Theatre, Speech Communication, Theatre, Speech Pathology and Audiology, Theology.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY - Boston, MA: College of Liberal Arts: Anthropology, Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Classics, Six Year Program in Liberal Arts and Medicine, Regular Four Year Pre-Medicine, Economics, English, Art History, Geography, Geology, Political Science, History, Mathematics, Modern Languages & Literature, Music Appreciation, History & Theory, Philosophy, Physics, Psychology, Religion, Sociology, Undeclared or Other, Theatre Arts: Acting, Directing, Set, Costume, Technical Design, Visual Arts: Painting, Sculpture, Graphic Design, Art Education, Undeclared, Music: Performance, Theory and Composition, History and Literature of Music, Music Education, Program in Artisanry: Ceramics, Metals, Textiles, Wood, College of Engineering: General Engineering, Aerospace, Bio-Medical, Manufacturing, Systems, Mechanical, Computer, Electrical, Undeclared, School of Management: Accounting, Finance, International Mgt., Managerial Economics, Marketing, Operations Mgt., Organizational Behavior, Quantitative Methods, Undeclared, School of Public Communication: Broadcasting/Film, Public Relations, Journalism, Photo Journalism, Public Communication, Broadcast Journalism, School of Nursing: Four Year Baccalaureate Program, Sargent College of Allied Health Professions: Physical Therapy, Occupational Therapy, Speech Pathology and Audiology, Rehabilitation Services, Applied Physiology, Cardiopulmonary Tech. School of Education: Early Childhood, Elementary, Humanistic and Behavioral Studies, Movement, Health and Leisure, Special Ed., Social Education, Business and Career Education and Science and Mathematics Education.

BRADFORD COLLEGE - Haverhill, MA: Administration and Mgt., Creative Arts, Human Studies, Individualized Major.

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY - Waltham, MA: African/Afro-Amer. Studies, American Studies, Anthropology, Biochemistry, Biology, Chemistry, Classical & Oriental Studies, Comparative Literature, Computer Science, Economics, English & Amer. Lit., English & Classics, Fine Arts, French, General Science, German, History, Interdis. Majors, Italian, Latin Amer. Studies, Linguistics, Mathematics, Music, Near Eastern & Judaic Studies, Philosophy & History of Ideas, Physics, Politics, Psychology, Russian, Sociology, Spanish and Theatre Arts.

CURRY COLLEGE - Milton, MA: Communications Arts & Sciences, Human Services & Social Dev., Humanities, Language & Lit., Political & Historical Studies, Fine Arts, Management, Natural Sciences, Nursing, Psychology, Sociology, and Teacher Education (Elementary, Moderate Special Needs, Early Childhood.)

EASTERN NAZARENE - Quincy, MA: Biology, Chemistry, Christian Ed., Church Ministry, Church Music, Communications, Computer Science, Early Childhood Education, Bus. Admin., Elementary Ed., Engineering, English, Gen. Science, History, Lit. & Speech, Mathematics, Modern Language, Music Ed., Music Performance, Nursing, Philosophy, Physics, Psychology, Religion, Social Studies, Sociology & Social Work, Pre-Med., and Pre-Law. Pharmacy - Cooperative Degree Program through the Mass. College of Pharmacy, Nursing - Cooperative Program at Boston University - B.S.W. Degree Program, Engineering - Dual Degree Program with Boston University.

EMERSON COLLEGE - Boston, MA: Communication Disorders, Creative Writing & Literature, Mass Communication Studies and Theatre Arts.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE - Boston, MA: Education (Elementary, Sec.) English, French, German, Gerontology, Italian, Spanish, Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics, Med. Tech., Music Therapy, Physics, Psychology, Economics,

NECC College Transfer Day Today

College Center Cafeteria

10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

This will be your opportunity to talk to admissions personnel from Boston area colleges, Massachusetts state colleges and many New Hampshire and Maine

schools. If you plan to transfer now or in the near future, make sure you have the proper credits to enter the program that interests you.

Education, History, Political Science, PreLaw & Med., Sociology, Art, Philosophy, Theological Studies, Rehabilitation Counseling, Music Education, Communications Arts Program, Art History & Studio Art, and a Bachelor of Fine Arts. Business Management, Engineering Program.

GORDON COLLEGE - Wenham, MA: Bible, Biology, Chemistry, Computer Science, Economics & Bus. English, Foreign Language, History, Mathematics, Music, Philosophy, Physics, Political Science, Psychology, Sociology, Education (Elem., Sec., Physical Ed.) and Early Childhood Ed.

HARVARD/RADCLIFFE - Cambridge, MA: Afro-American Studies, Anthropology, Applied Mathematics, Astronomy & Astrophysics, Biochemical Science, Biology, Chemistry, Classics, East Asian Languages & Civ., East Asian Studies, Economics, Engineering & Applied Science, English & American Lit., Fine Arts, Folklore & Mythology, Geological Sciences, Germanic Languages & Lit., Government, History, History & Lit., History & Sci., Linguistics, Mathematics, Music, Near Eastern Lang. & Civ., Philosophy, Physical Science, Physics, Psychology & Social Relations, Comparative Study of Religion, Romance Language & Lit., Slavic Languages & Lit., Social Studies, Sociology and Special Concentrations, Applied Sciences, Archeology, Biological Anthropology, Classics Degree - Classical Archeology, Classics Concentration: Greek, Latin, and Medieval Modern Greek, Degree Concentrations In: French, Hispanic, Italian, Portuguese, Brazilian, Sanskrit & Indian Studies, Scandinavian.

LESLEY COLLEGE - Cambridge, MA: Elementary Education, Special Education, Early Childhood Education, Child and Community, Teaching in the Middle School, and Day Care Teaching & Admin, Early Intervention.

MASS. COLLEGE OF PHARMACY ALLIED HEALTH SCIENCE - Boston, MA: Five Year B.S. in Pharmacy, Four Year B.S. in Chemistry, Hospital Pharmacy Technician Program, 4 year Program, Nuclear Medicine Technician Program 2 yr. Program.

MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - Cambridge, MA: Aeronautics & Astronautics, Architecture & Planning, Biology, International Studies, Chemical Engineering, Chemistry, Civil Engineering, Earth Science, Economics, Elec. Eng. & Comp. Sci., Humanities, Linguistics & Philosophy, Sloan School of Mgt., Materials Sci. & Eng., Mathematics, Mechanical Eng., Pre-Medical, Nuclear Eng., Nutrition & Food Sci., Ocean Eng., Physics, Political Sci., and Cognitive Science (psychology).

MERRIMACK COLLEGE - N. Andover, MA: Biology, Economics, English, Computer Sci., History, Mathematics, Religious Study, Philosophy, Political Science, Psychology, Sociology, Health Science, Medical Technology, Management, Chemistry, Accounting, Finance, Marketing, Business Economics, Civil/Electrical/Computer Engineering. Teacher certification may be earned in these areas: English, History, Psychology, Biology and Mathematics.

NASSON COLLEGE - Springvale, ME: Business Administration, Accounting, Marketing, Management, Finance, Government & Administration, Science: Biology, Chemistry, Environmental Science, Environmental Studies, Marine Science, Medical Tech./Laboratory Science, Behavioral Science: Psychology, Human Services, Communications & Journalism, Humanities.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE - Henniker, NH: American Studies, Biology, British Studies, Bus. Admin., Communications, Economics, Education, Civil & Mgt. Engineering, English, Environmental Studies, Geology, History, Mathematics, Philosophy, Phys. Ed., Visual Arts, Pol. Sci., Psychology, Public Admin.,

Internat'l Studies, Sociology and Theatre. Elementary and Secondary Education, Women's Studies, Civil and Management Engineering.

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE - Manchester, NH: Accounting, Mgt. Advisory Services, Mgt. Info. Syst., Bus. Ed./Office Admin., Mgt. Arts/Economic Sci. Retailing, Marketing and Technical Business for Vocational trained transfers. Retailing, Dual Economics/Finance, Hotel Restaurant Mgt. Management Info systems, Business Teacher Ed., Business Communications, Marketing and Technical Business for students who have had vocational training.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY - Boston, MA: College of Arts and Sciences: B.S. African-American Studies, Art, Biology, Chemistry, Drama, Economics, English, Geology, History, Human Services, Journalism, Linguistics, Mathematics, Modern Languages (French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish), Philosophy, Physics, Pol. Sci. (Concentration in Public Admin), Psychology, Sociology-Anthropology, Speech Communication.

Boston Bouve College of Human Development Professions: Bachelor of Science in Education: Early Childhood, Elementary Ed., with Emphases: Humanities, Reading-Language, Social Sciences, Special Education, Human Services, Physical Education, School and Community Health Education, Secondary Education Majors: Biology, English, General Science, Mathematics, Social Studies, Speech, and Hearing. Bachelor of Science in Physical Therapy. Bachelor of Science in Recreation and Leisure Studies.

College of Business Administration: B.S. in Business Administration: Accounting, Entrepreneurship and New Venture Mgt., Finance and Insurance, Human Resource Mgt., International Bus. Administration, Management, Marketing, Transportation and Physical Distribution Mgt., College of Computer Science B.S. College of Criminal Justice: Bachelor of Science in Criminal Justice. College of Engineering B.S.: Chemical Eng., (Computer Engineering & Power Systems options available), Civil Eng., (Environmental Option available), Electrical Eng., Industrial Eng., Unspecified-General Eng.

Lincoln College: Five-Year Day Cooperative Program: Bachelor of Engineering Technology: Electrical Eng. Tech., Mechanical Eng. Tech. College of Nursing: B.S. in Nursing: Program for Registered Nurses: Full-time Day Program, Part-time Evening Program, College of Pharmacy and Allied Health Professions: B.S.: Health Record Admin., Med. Lab. Sci., Pharmacy, Respiratory Therapy, Toxicology, Associate in Science: Respiratory Therapy, Open option-common freshman year-health track available for undeclared majors. University College: Alternative Freshman-Year Program (Self-paced Program.)

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE - Manchester, NH: Fine Arts, Commercial Art, Para-Legal Studies, Religious Studies, Elementary Education, Secondary Education: Performance, Music Education, Business Education, four-Year Secretarial, Behavioral Science, English, French, History, Latin, Biology, Spanish, Mathematics, Nursing, Nutrition, Medical Technology, Cytotechnology, Philosophy, Phys. Therapy, Physics, Psychology, Sociology, Women's Studies and Self-Plan Program.

REGIS COLLEGE - Weston, MA: Art, German, Medical Tech., English, French, Music, Chemistry, Mathematics, Spanish, Biology, Pol. Science, Psychology, Economics, Sociology, History, Social Work, Humanities, Natural Science, Social Science and Indiv. Designed Majors, Management concentration in Computer programming, no degree.

RIVIER COLLEGE - Nashua, NH: Art, Biology, Business-Computer Science, Chemistry, Diet-

etics, Elem. Ed., Special Ed., Early Childhood Ed., English, Accounting-Comp. Sci., Marketing Computer Science, Marketing, Office Admin., Bus. Ed., Home Economics, Math-Comp. Sci., Computer Science, Music, Paralegal Studies, Pol. Science, Psychology, Sociology, Spanish and French, Liberal Arts Program, Med. Tech., Foods and Nutrition, Learning Disabilities, Secondary Education, Social Work.

SIMMONS COLLEGE - Boston, MA: Accounting, Afro-Amer. Studies, Amer. Studies, Art & Music, Biology, Chemistry, Communications, Economics, Education, English, Finance, Foreign Language & Lit., Government, History, Human Services, Internat'l Mgt., Management, and Retail Mgt., Psychology, Sociology, Mathematics, Nursing, Nutrition, Open Philosophy, Physical Therapy, Physics, Women's Studies, Applied Computer Sci.

ST. ANSELM'S COLLEGE - Manchester, NH: Biology, Business, Business-Economics, Computer Science, 3-2 Engineering with Univ. of Notre Dame and Univ. of Lowell, Classics, Education, Economics, English, Mathematics, History, Chemistry, Adv. Chemistry, Math & Economics, French, Philosophy, Liberal Studies, Physical Science, Politics, Psychology, Sociology, Theology, Nursing, Criminal Justice and Spanish. Pre-Med., Pre-Dent., Pre-Law.

STONEHILL COLLEGE - N. Easton, MA: Biology, Bus. Admin., Chemistry, Economics, Amer. Studies, Elem. Ed., English Studies, History, Mathematics, College Studies, Modern Languages, Philosophy, Child Development, Pol. Science, Psychology, Religious Studies, Sociology and Interdisciplinary Programs. Business: Accounting, Financial Management, Human Resource Management, Marketing Management, Science: Health Care Ed., Med., Tech. Computer Science/Mathematics, Criminal Justice, International Studies.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY - Boston, MA: Accounting, Marketing, Biology, Co-op Education, Management, IA-Sci., Communications-Speech, English, Government, History, Humanities, Journalism, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Philosophy, Physics, Psychology, Sociology, General Studies and Dramatic Arts. Finance, Accounting, Gen. Management, Computer Information Systems, Computer Science, Co-op Education.

TUFTS UNIVERSITY - Medford, MA: African-Amer. Studies, Anthropology, Archaeology, Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Classics, Child Study, Computer Science, Drama, English, Fine Arts, Economics, Geology, German, Russian, History, Internat'l Relations, Mathematics, Mental Health, Music, Philosophy, Physics, Pol. Sci., Psychology, Religion, Romance Languages, Sociology, Chemical Eng., Civil Eng., Elec. Eng., Mechanical Eng., Education, Occupational Therapy and Interdisciplinary Programs, American Studies.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE - Wellesley, MA: Anthropology, Art, Astronomy, Biological Sciences, Black Studies, Chemistry, Chinese, Economics, Theatre Studies, English, French, Geology, German, Greek & Latin, History, Italian, Mathematics, Music, Philosophy, Physics, Interdepartmental Majors, Pol. Sci., Psychology, Religion, Russian, Sociology and Spanish, Studio Art, Art History, Chinese Studies, Interdepartmental Studies, American Studies, Classical & Near East Architecture, Classical Civilization, French Studies, Medieval Renaissance Studies, Molecular Biology, Physical Biology, Women's Studies, Italian Culture. New Majors: Computer Science, Architecture.

WENTWORTH INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - Boston, MA: Architectural Engineering, Civil Engineering, Computer Science, Electronic Engineering Tech., Management Engineering, Mechanical Engineering and Welding Engineering Tech.

WHELOCK COLLEGE - Boston, MA: Teaching: Primary, Nursery-Kindergarten, Day Care. Special Education: Primary, Pre-School, Family and Clinical Settings, Children in Health Care Settings and Social Services for Young Children, Infants and Toddlers.

For further information, please contact: The Counseling Office, Room 118 in the College Center or call 374-0724, ext. 178 or 179.

Deadline For Applications

U Lowell Dec. 15 (Spring '83) May 1 (Fall '83)
U Mass. Amherst Oct. 15 (Spring '83) April 1 (Fall '83)

U Mass. Boston Nov. 1 (Spring '83) Aug. 1 (Fall '83)

Mass. State Colleges Dec. 1 (Spring '83) April 1 (Fall '83)

Management & Liberal Arts- No deadlines.

Due to the tight economy, we urge all transfer students to apply as soon as possible. Transfer packets should be completed by the end of February so that they can be presented in March for State colleges and universities, and sent for private colleges.

Due to an update in the Buckley amendment, which is concerned with the privacy of students' records; the Counseling Office no longer can keep transfer files for 5 years. They can only be kept for the current year to guarantee that the records will not be used for any other purpose.

Features

It's the names that get to me

by Phyllis Pucci

Watching film clips of the dedication on Saturday, Nov. 13, of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was a very emotional experience for my family and me. You see, my brother served in Vietnam.

We were lucky - Tony made it home. We weren't sure for awhile if he would, but for some reason, God decided to spare us the pain of receiving one of those telegrams, the ones that begin, "We regret to inform you..." and end with "Stop."

Oh, there was a telegram. It said that Tony had been wounded in action and would be sent back to the States as soon as possible. No one was sure just yet of the extent of his injuries, except that he had been shot twice and almost didn't live to be "honorably discharged."

I'll never forget the day the man showed up at the door with the telegram. I was in the fourth grade, and I came home from school to find my mother and father crying, looking pained, and not quite knowing how to tell a nine year old that her brother was hurt. I didn't quite understand what was going on, except I knew that whatever happened must have been terrible, because I had never seen my father cry before.

When Tony finally made it home, a week or two after being injured, we learned that he had lost 100 pounds, that part of his side had been ripped apart by a bullet, and that he was shot in the leg, shattering the bones, eventually resulting in amputation.

I remember my sister Barbara and I going with my parents to visit him at the V.A. hospital. He looked so skinny and sad and scared. In fact, all of the men in the ward with him did. I remember his showing us the bullet that came from his leg. It was all dented and flat, which I thought was odd because I always thought bullets were round. Funny, the things that impress you at that age.

Anyway, eventually Tony came home in a wheelchair, and after his wounds healed, he was fitted for an artificial leg. The government still, to this day, has him sign a release every year stating that the leg belongs to him - after all, they paid for

At least in cash.

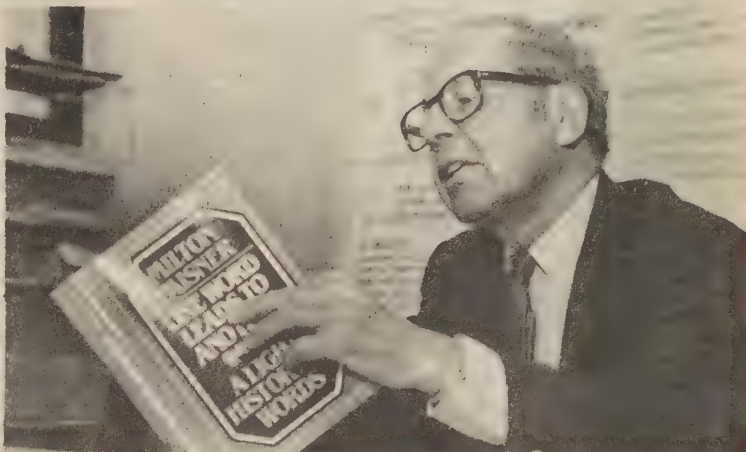
Some of Tony's friends didn't make it back with him. I'm sure he would recognize some of the names on the memorial, if he could find them among the over 57,000 names listed there.

The memorial has caused a lot of controversy because of its design. Personally, I like it. I don't think a statue like the two Jima memorial could ever leave me with the same feeling as seeing those two black marble walls with those names on them, because it's the names that get to me. A statue of two or three men holding a flag could be a memorial to any war. But Vietnam was not just any war. It ripped this country apart, not to mention North and South Vietnam. It was a war that should never have been fought, at least by Americans. It certainly wasn't worth almost 60,000 deaths, or all of the injuries. Not to mention the mental anguish of the veterans and their families.

Tony's stint in Vietnam didn't end when they shipped him back on the plane. It didn't end for ten years after that, if it can ever really "end." He became very dependent on drugs - valium, percodan, you name it. Partly because of the pain he still experiences in what is left of his leg. And partly because of the pain he experienced emotionally - the nightmares, the wondering if he did the right thing by volunteering to fight "for his country." He's also a recovered alcoholic. And he's finally, at last, happy and settled down with a family.

Speaking of families, all of this was hard on us, too. Especially my parents. There were times when we all felt like giving up hope. We didn't know if we had enough strength to help him, and us, through it. But we did. And more importantly, he had the strength to pull himself out of the hell he was living in.

I don't know how Tony feels about the memorial. We really don't talk about Vietnam anymore. I think it's better left unsaid. Because, you see, watching him in his wheelchair out in the garden, planting roses and gardenias, is all the memorial I need.



Author Milton Paisner.

-Carl Russo photo.

One Word Leads To Another

by Nancy Robinson

"I have always been interested in words," says Milton Paisner, author of *One Word Leads to Another*, a history of words and their usage.

Paisner is the husband of Continuing Education counselor Martha Paisner. He also teaches a non-credit course in the Evening Division entitled *Fun With Words*, which places emphasis on popular sayings and their historical background. The course will be offered again during the spring semester.

The book covers words related to subjects such as clothes, food, and the theatre as far back as the 12th century. It uses familiar quotations from books, phrases, and famous authors. The book dissects words; discussing their origins and current usage, often with some rather comical results.

Paisner has been writing and researching the book for the past six years. His manuscript was published by Dambner Books and it is complete with a preface by Walter D. Glantz, an expert in the field of lexicography.

His first step in researching the book was to find a list of words in Roget's Thesaurus related to a certain subject. He then looked up that list of words in a etymological dictionary, finding their origins, after discovering a new word to add to the list. He says his main objective was to find the earliest and most interesting uses of English words.

His major source for the research was the *Oxford English Dictionary*. He poured through it, checking all the words on the list for historical usage, changes of meaning, and interesting connotations.

After determining which of the words were most interesting, Paisner turned to Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* to tie up the process.

When all the material was gathered and transferred to index cards, he divided the words and placed them under separate headings, thereby beginning the writing process.

Paisner says his first draft of the manuscript was rejected by a publisher. "A language critic tore it apart," he says. But as a result of that criticism, he rewrote the manuscript using the critic's suggestions. Although several publishers

expressed interest, in all he received 79 rejections before Walter Glantz (who eventually wrote the preface) encouraged a publisher to print it.

"It's not the type of book that will be a top seller," says Paisner, "it is a reference book."

Paisner traced the word "jeans" back to Italy, where it was an eponym from the city of Genoa, or Genes. The word first appeared as far back as 1567. The word "jeans" was first used in relation to a material in 1807.

"Nothing changes in the English language," Paisner says. "The more things change, the more they stay the same."

One Word Leads to Another is dedicated to his wife, Martha. It reads, "To my wife, Martha, without whose absence this book could not have been written, but without whose presence it could not have been completed."

"I was working full-time," Paisner explains, "and my wife worked three or four nights a week. When I came home at night, she wasn't there and I was able to write. But she was able to give me constructive criticism on things I wouldn't have noticed because I was working so closely with it."

Paisner earned his bachelor's degree from Harvard College, and his master's degree from Brown University in 1961. He is adept in French, Spanish, Japanese, Italian, and Latin. Last spring, he retired from his position as General Manager for Electronic Products in Newburyport. He and his wife currently live in North Andover. They have three children and five grandchildren.

Paisner has been very active in community activities dealing with education. He served on the Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Education under former Governor Francis Sargent in 1973, and was a member of the Rhode Island Education Conference Board. He is also Vice Chairman for Common Cause and is affiliated with the Council for Basic Education.

He plans to write a second book on the history of words and their use, keeping the format the same, using different categories which would include war, religion, law, crime, and medicine.

Sargent gets Winship award at fair

by Mary Lynne Marnell

William Sargent, founder of the Cape Cod Marine Center, received the eighth annual Lawrence L. Winship Award Friday night at the Book Fair at Hynes Auditorium. The award is "named in honor of the late editor of the Boston Globe, given each year for the best book about New England or by a New England author."

Upon receiving his \$100 prize from the publisher of the Globe for his book *Shallow Waters: A Year on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay*, Sargent commented, "I don't know what to fix first - my glasses or my word processor." After a brief acceptance speech Sargent gave the stage to F. Lee Bailey, in Boston to promote his new book, *To Be A Trial Lawyer*. He also brought to attention his mother's new book, *A Very Practical Guide to Discipline with Young Children*. Bailey's mother, Dr. Grace Mitchell, is

co-owner with him of Telshare Publishing.

Bailey, known for defending clients including Patty Hearst, Dr. Sam Sheppard, and the Boston Strangler, has written several books. *The Defense Never Rests* was a best-seller on the New York Times list. *How to Protect Yourself Against Cops in California and Other Strange Places* was written after Bailey's recent bout with police.

Bailey, graduate of the Boston University Law School, was a pilot in the U.S. Navy. He is the president of Enstrom Helicopter Corporation and owner and director of Chris-Craft Boats.

He lectures at schools in his "spare" time, about 500 every couple of years.

His advice to aspiring lawyers is "Get out on the street, see what you can and hone every skill you have. But don't wind up at the age of 50 with nothing but the money."

Happy hunting grounds for books

by Christine Condon

Hynes Auditorium, the site of the 1982 Boston Globe Book Festival, was the happy hunting ground this past weekend for readers of every inclination. Exhibits ranging from Acorn Press Inc. to Yankee Publishing presented tables loaded with current best sellers, autographed copies of attending authors' books and more than 49 categories of non-fiction. The *How To College Handbook*, not to be confused with the *Preppy Handbook*, provides sure relief for the anxiety ridden freshman. The *Very Best Ice Cream And Where To Find It* was sure to satisfy any sweet tooth.

The Brattle Bookshop of Boston is an institution as is its owner George Gloss who was one of the many featured speakers. Gloss in his talk, *Books: Gold For Your Attic*, said, "I feel defeated if someone comes in looking for a book I haven't got." With 350,000 used hardcover books and nearly 100,000 used paper books, a disappointed customer is a rare thing. "When someone wants a book, I'm glad to get it for him," Gloss said. "I like to encourage people of all ages to read and obtain the knowledge of books and the value of books."

Gloss said he first fell in love with books when he was 8. In 1948, he purchased the Brattle Book Shop on West

Street in Boston. He has become famous over the years for two things: his remarkable donation of books to Massachusetts prisoners and to Channel Two's auctions. He has appeared 21 times at the book fair.

He talked not of current best sellers but of old collectibles. "Books should never be kept in the cellar or the attic where deterioration is possible," he said. "They should be kept in a room where they will be held and kept warm."

Gloss said to determine a book's value, there are three points to consider - rarity, beauty and condition. For instance, one page missing out of John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* (signed) can bring its \$100 value down to \$15, while an original Gutenberg Bible printed in 1456, in mint condition, sells for two million. Fine leather bound books used for ostentatious display in some affluent homes have sold for as much as five thousand. "The real value of books," Gloss said, "is their value to the human mind and their ability to enhance life. Too many buyers don't care about content, just color and that is a shame."

The books, the displays and the speakers, including Robert Parker and F. Lee Bailey (to name a few) combined to make the Book Fair a success.

who wants his Father's Day cake, to the thing that's in the crate, *Creepshow's* got it all. The film has colorful graphic effects with a flesh-eating creature, murder the cruellest way, and 25,000 hungry cockroaches.

Rated R, *Creepshow* stars Hal Holbrook, Adrienne Barbeau, Leslie Nielsen and E.G. Marshall. "It will be the most fun you'll ever have being scared!"

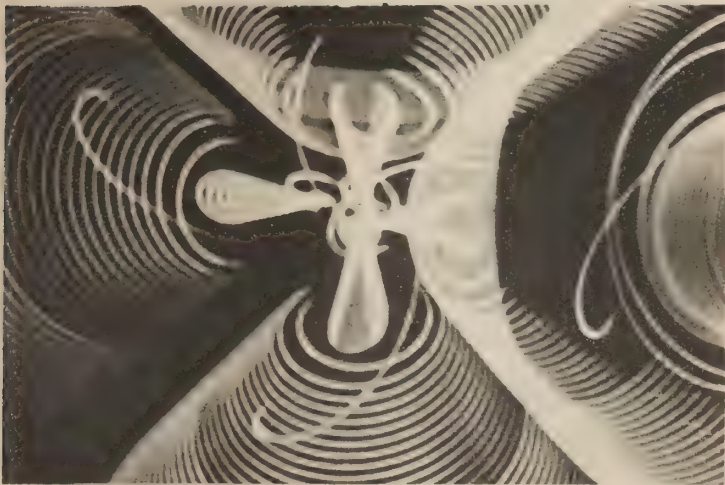
Creepshow will make you jump

by David Andrus

Creepshow, a newly released film from Warner Brothers, gives a new way of bringing our fears and horrors to the screen by bringing alive the stories from the pages of a *Creepshow* comic book. Written by Stephen King and directed by George Romero, *Creepshow* has five short but horrifying stories which will make you jump out of your seat.

From the kindly 70 year old dead man

Variety



Laserium at Museum of Science.

Get onboard starship

by Rick Carpenito

As the color of light exploded and swirled on the darkened dome of the Hayden Planetarium, one might be tempted to call this visual spectacle a cosmic fourth of July. But for the creators of Laserium, a laser light concert group, it is a look into the future of an up and coming visual art and entertainment.

Abstract images, illusionary landscapes and circles of intense colors in complex patterns make up some of the dazzling effects that are presented during this stunning multi-media production, "Laserium Starship," one of two laser shows playing weekends at the Boston Museum of Science, now through April, 1983.

This breath-taking laser extravaganza is produced by the California-based Laser Images, Inc. This is the seventh such "Laserium" production the company has produced since its inception in 1973. To date, over nine million spectators have experienced the visual event of the ongoing world touring show.

"Laserium Starship" is a space journey into the unknown. Set to a dynamic four channel "surround sound" musical score featuring such groups as Yes, Synergy and the Alan Parsons Project. The music and visuals are operated live by laserist Daryl Davis. He operates the show from a console made up of many switches, potentiometer dials and joy sticks. Depending on how he feels and how the

audience is reacting towards the event, he will create different images with the most impact, hopefully to get the audience involved in chanting and clapping for approval.

The show lasts about an hour and consists of a number of visual pieces set to the score. The finale to "Starship," is a kaleidoscope of sorts to John Williams "Theme from Star Wars" with the London Symphony and then a transition to Meko's disco version of the same song with misty swirls, multiple lines of refracting light and abstract light composition moving in and out to the beat of the music, adding a climatic finish to a truly brilliant visual experience.

In addition to "Laserium Starship," a second laser show, "Crystal Odyssey," a classical music fantasy, alternates.

"Crystal Odyssey" fantasizes good and evil in a crystal mirror on a distant planet that is the source of all color. The show features a score ranging from selections from Holst's "The Planets" to Ravel's "Bolero."

The times for the performances are:

"Laserium Starship" is presented Fri. at 10 p.m.; Sat., at 7:30, 8:45 and 10 p.m.; Sun., at 7:30 and 8:45 p.m.

"Crystal Odyssey's" times are Fri., at 5:30 and 8:45 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 5:30 p.m. only.

Pomerleau now, then

by Ellena Georato

Bob Pomerleau came back to college after having been out of school for 13 years. During those years he worked as a bank teller, broadcaster for a radio station in Sanford, Maine, and as a salesman and installer for New England Telephone.

He graduated from NECC in 1979, went on to Salem State and then to Antioch College, where he received a master's degree in Adult Education in 1981.

While a student here, Bob was a volunteer in the math center, then became the first math major from Salem State to receive a co-op job in the field of mathematics at Northern Essex. During his year as a co-op student, he co-wrote with other staff members a successfully funded occupational-educational grant which created a micro-computer lab facility within the math center. This created a full-time position which he was then fortunate enough to fill. His second year in the math center was spent as a tutor and part-time instructor in basic algebra.

Last summer, the college made a commitment to creating a micro-computer lab facility for non-computer science related academic use. The goal was to bring computer access to students in non-computer science courses and to

promote computer use by faculty and staff. The position of lab technician went to Bob, in addition to his teaching of an introductory course in computer language.

He has conducted an evening seminar in Micro-Computers for the Homeowner and Small Businessman which proved so popular that it was filled within three hours of the time it was offered. He has also done a software evaluation for micro-computers which is "an attempt to provide consumers with the tools needed to select software for purchasing with a critical eye." Currently, he is teaching a computer literacy course for teachers of the Salisbury School System.

Bob has an across-the-board interest in computers and plans to take many computer courses in the future. "I am a strong believer in looking at education as a life-long process, particularly as high tech and professional areas expand and change as well as the blue collar areas." He considers himself a people person and enjoys watching the reactions people have to the computers.

Bob and his wife Mary live in Methuen with their beagle Snoopy and enjoy listening to all kinds of music as well as going to the Boston Celtics games for which they have season tickets.



Bob Pomerleau, Math Lab.

-Rick Carpenito photo.

Over years Slavitt rescues total of 160 people, 50 dogs, cats

by Nancy Robinson

Whom do you know with an airstrip in his backyard and the Merrimack River in his front yard? If you hail from the Haverhill area, the answer to that question is relatively simple; Haverhill's folk hero and harbormaster, Captain William J. "Red" Slavitt.

Recently, Slavitt appeared in a guest spot of a Northern Essex television show, produced by students enrolled in T.V. Production classes. The half-hour talk show, entitled People Are Speaking, was filmed in the T.V. Studio on November 18.

On camera, Slavitt spoke candidly of his position as Haverhill's harbormaster. He

described himself as a "water policeman" whose main focus is really on the safety and rescue of all who ply the river.

A man of diverse interests, Slavitt can pilot or drive just about any type of vehicle imaginable. Over the years, he has used a variety of different vessels to rescue over 160 people and an estimated 50 dogs and cats.

Slavitt has been Haverhill's official harbormaster for 12 years, but has been performing his feats of heroism since the early 1940's. He has utilized his World War II experience as a Coast Guard helicopter pilot and his skill at operating air-sea rescue missions to become a

valuable asset to the Haverhill community.

"In a rescue mission," said Slavitt, "speed and the right equipment are important. If you cannot get to the scene quickly with the right equipment, you can't save anybody."

Slavitt's backyard serves as his rescue station. The area between the river and the airstrip houses numerous snowplows fully equipped emergency trucks, radar equipped rescue boats, and several planes and helicopters. Further away, pulled up beside the river, sits the Mount Vernon Belle, a large vessel on which he runs charter cruises to Newburyport harbor in the Summer months.

Slavitt seems to like nothing better than knowing he can be depended upon. "The volunteers who help out and myself are available 24 hours a day. The Coast Guard may call us at any time when they cannot maneuver through the river current," Slavitt pointed out.

His endeavors have made him renowned not only in the Haverhill community, but in the state as well. Earlier this year, Slavitt was featured in a segment of the Boston-based television show, Evening Magazine, as a finalist contending for the Extraordinary Person of the Year award. He has since won that award.

This past summer, Slavitt's rescue station on the river played host to the camera crews of the network television show, 20/20. He appeared once before on the show when he was interviewed by Geraldo Rivera about what was then a serious river pollution problem concern-

ing the Merrimack River; a problem that has since been improved. Last summer, the cameras followed Slavitt's actions while he staged a rescue mission.

Slavitt says much of the funding for his rescue work (including gas and equipment repair) comes from his own pocket. He says he asked the city for a \$13,500 stipend, but was allotted only \$3500. "In rescue work, you can't really sit back and count money. Other harbormasters are paid for their work, but I haven't seen a cent this year for the work I do," commented Slavitt.

Slavitt said the downfall of rescue work is when he is called too late. "We've never lost a rescue, but when we get a call when it is too late to hope, there isn't much we can do. We have retrieved a lot of bodies, though," Slavitt said.

Shortly after the completion of the talk show at Northern Essex, Slavitt was on his way home. Once there, he headed his private plane for flight. This time, however, it wasn't for a rescue mission. Slavitt had volunteered to fly two Northern Essex students over the campus in order to record aerial shots on photographic film and a video cassette.

Slavitt doesn't do anything in a conventional way, and that would be obvious if you ever drive by his river side home. Outside his front door stands a 40-millimeter rapid-fire cannon, a World War II trophy given to Slavitt by an admiral. The cannon, whose breach is permanently welded shut, points across the river—directly at the Groveland Town Hall.



Red the pilot.

-Carl Russo photo.

Campus news



Claire Langley and Bert Wedgwood, Secretarial Pool.

-Carl Russo photo.

Secretarial pool...valuable team

by Terri Roberts

The work of a small group of secretaries goes unnoticed by a section of the faculty, but those who are aware of them know the valuable service they provide.

Claire Langley, supervisor, Marilyn Ely, and Bert Wedgwood are a part of the secretarial pool, and they basically do "anything the faculty wants."

"We serve the faculty first and the administrators secondly," Langley says. "Our job is to do anything the faculty wants. We do the typing for the faculty's syllabi, tests, and papers. We even do mailing for the teachers if they want," she says. Presently, they are busily involved with the student evaluations, making sure everything is in proper order. However, they are not limited only to office work. They have also worked as relief for the switchboard operator and covered for secretaries absent from other offices.

Claire Langley has been employed at Northern Essex since the center opened six years ago. Before she began working she was enrolled in business courses at Northern Essex. A resident of Merrimack, Langley is married and has three children. Off campus, her interests include music, dancing, and macramé. "I enjoy my work here," she says. "The faculty is friendly and I feel they appreciate the work we do."

Recently returning to the working world, Marilyn Ely has been at NECC for almost a year. Before returning, she took

a refresher course at North Shore Community College to get back into the business field. "Working in the office prevents me from meeting many people, but the faculty and students I've come into contact with are very polite and friendly," Ely said. Ely hopes to stay at NECC for some time. She enjoys sewing and attending the theatre in her leisure time. Having visited Europe, Ely plans to do more travelling in the future.

Bert Wedgwood, like Langley, has been a part of the original pool which began six years ago. Before coming to NECC, Wedgwood was employed as a secretary in a variety of places. At one time she worked in New York City as a secretary to an accountant. Wedgwood also worked for an advertising agency, as well as an insurance company. As a part of the secretarial pool, she manages the office from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. Wedgwood says she enjoys being helpful to the faculty and the variety in her job makes it interesting. Now that she has a grown family, she has found time to pursue her interests. Working part-time at these hours allows her the major part of the day for playing golf. She is also a member of the Boxford Village Garden Club. Wedgwood said she would enjoy travelling in the future.

It is this small diligent group of secretaries who play an important role to the faculty at NECC. Those who recognize this secretarial pool appreciate the services they offer.

Broadcasting class tours WBZ

by Heidi Boone

The Broadcast Reporting and Announcing class, taught by Professor Gene Bales and Professor Jack Wysong, toured WBZ television and radio station on Thursday, Nov. 18.

Students were informed WBZ radio (1030 on your AM dial) now has the sixth largest radio market in the country. This is attributed to the extensive advertising that has been promoted recently. Dave Maynard is now the number one talk-show host and his "Maynard in the morning" advertising commercials have won an award.

The tour of the radio station included a demonstration of how tapes are recorded. Records are no longer played at the station and they do not take listening audience requests. Everything is pre-recorded on tape with music geared for a "Top 40 adult contemporary station."

Students successful at Grossinger's resort

by Jeff Wilson

The trip to Grossinger, N.Y., where the student council and program board members attended the regional National Association for Campus Activities Conference, was very successful, says Director of Student Activities Steve Michaud.

"The six students who went on the trip did a good job in assessing different entertainment possibilities and participating in educational sessions," he says.

John Flynn, singer and songwriter from Pennsylvania, was booked to perform at

the hayride Nov. 18. Also booked for the Dec. 8 All College Day is "Tattoo You," a non-permanent tattoo artist, West Hartford, Connecticut.

The group submitted "strong interest forms," to indicate interest in performers (without obligation to book them) for the comedy team Abrams and Anderson and the musical groups The Tunes and the Marsels.

Michaud says next year's trip might be limited to one or two students.

School makes Lanin feel 'like a kid'

by Tony Visconti

"I feel just like a kid again," says Jessica Lanin, 45, Business Management major from Salem, N.H. "I haven't been in school since 1954. I went to a public school in Portland, Maine, which is now a parking lot. We had to wear uniforms, pleated plaid skirts and stiff collared blouses. We weren't allowed to come and go as we pleased. Now that I'm back in college, it's hard to adjust to the freedom."

She says it isn't easy getting into the routine of being a student after so much time out. "It's really hard to get back in the swing of things after more than 25 years," she says.

Lanin is taking five courses this semester and doing well in all of them. She says she finds English Composition tough, not having done any serious writing over the years. For her major she is taking accounting, which she enjoys, as she has always been good with numbers.

She says the younger students are helpful, and easy to get along with. She likes being treated like one of the gang.

Lanin has had experience in numerous jobs at Wendy's, Zayre's, and Wool-

worth's, mostly as a supervisor. She has also worked as an assistant manager for the Axon Drug Store chain (in the 50's and 60's) in Hartford, Connecticut. She thinks her experience now to be combined with a college education, will help her get better jobs.

Lanin has lived in a number of places. Her first husband was a captain in the Navy, stationed in many different Naval bases all over the country. When he died in 1961, she was pregnant with their third child.

Married again and mother of a second set of children, Lanin says her husband gets a kick out of seeing her cram for an exam. Her parents, now in their 70's, are delighted she has gone back to school. She says it is hard for her teenage children, who were used to her being there whenever they needed her, have found it hard to adjust to her being away, but are getting used to the fact that she's back in school.

Lanin says she loves her family but now she needs to do something for herself by herself. Going back to college was the best thing she could have done. "I only wish I had done it 20 years ago," she says.

Old, new movies to be shown at NECC

by David Andrus

During the next weeks, the college will be showing a wide variety of movies on campus in Room E151 and in the carpeted lounge.

The movie *39 Steps* (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is a story about a young man who is accidentally thrown into a spy plot, with the police and spies at his heels. The excellent chase melodrama, one of Alfred Hitchcock's best, will be shown on Nov. 24 at 11.

Some Like It Hot (1959), starring Tony Curtis, Marilyn Monroe and Jack Lemmon, is an incredibly funny imaginative farce that may well be the most hilarious film of its time. Lemmon and Curtis play two musicians on the lam from Chicago mobsters after witnessing a gangland rubout. It can be seen Dec. 1 at 11, Dec. 2 at 9 and Dec. 3 at 12.

Rincon Hispanon . . . 'Piropos Y Requebros'

by Prof. Donald Conway

Un piropo es una flor que se ofrece a la mujer.

Al presentar estos piropos quiero que sean muy variados para que sirvan para toda ocasion.

Entre ellos encontrara usted desde la simple cortesia para su senora, a quien debemos respetar, hasta algunos picarescos, pero todos muy correctos. No se encontrara requebros ofensivos ya que estos deben ser de buen gusto. No olvide usted que se trata de agradar a las mujeres, y que las palabras que les decimos cuando pasan deben ser bonitas, finas, nunca groseras. El piropo debe ser dicho sin miedo, y con galanteria.

Podemos decirles piropos a sus ojos, a sus pies, a su manera de caminar, a su cuerpo, hermosura, etc., pero insisto, la principal es que sean de buen gusto.

Los requebros no se dicen solo cuando

pasa una mujer. Tambien se pueden usar en otros momentos. Por Ejemplo, si usted encuentra en la calle a una mujer a quien conoce, no diga "buenos dias, buenos tardes" etc. Exclame: -adonde va lo bonito? -o lo bonito? -a- adonde va la paloma tan solita?

Al llegar una dama a un lugar en donde usted este, puede decir: Cuando usted llega, se adorna este lugar.

Y ahora, bien, Cuando vea a una mujer que le perturbe, echele una flor.

Vaya nena. Hace mas estragos que la bomba atomica. Que gran arquitecto fue tu padre. Si me dice que si, estoy capaz de encontrar trabajo. Usted tan buena y yo sin dientes. Mirame a los ojos morena que quiero ver el cielo. Cuando usted sale a la calle es primavera. Me gusta usted mas que el gordo de la toteria. Por usted seria capaz de tener suegra. Cuando usted respira se perfuma la calle.

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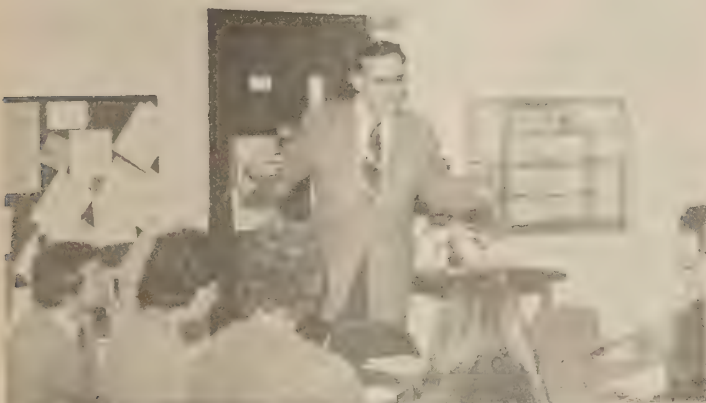
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Variety

If your writing can't help you...your dreams might do the trick!



Prof. Roland Kimball talks about handwriting analysis.

-Cathy Olson photo.

by Jayne Hollis

A demonstration of graphology (handwriting) analysis was given by Prof. Roland Kimball, English Department, for the Behavioral Sciences Club Nov. 10.

Handwriting analysis used to be considered hokus-pokus by most people but it is now recognized as an art and science by many, including psychologists.

Prof. Kimball compared handwriting analysis to psychoanalysis saying that "handwriting is brainwriting." For example, if a person were up-tight, not open to others or withdrawn, then that person's handwriting would probably be small and cramped.

In psychoanalysis, Kimball said, a person could spend many sessions hiding something from himself and the analyst. With a detailed analysis of handwriting samples over a period of several days, an expert could possibly determine what it was the person didn't want to see in himself.

Words like "emotion," "slant" and "optimist" appeared on flash cards Kimball had prepared for his demonstration. He explained that if a person makes the last loops in "m" and "n" higher than the others then that person probably puts brakes or limits on his emotional

response to his environment. If a person slants his writing to the right then he's probably open and warm toward others. Slanting to the left might indicate self-absorption. Some people write up off the line indicating optimism; down off the line indicating pessimism.

The letter "y" (lower case) is a very useful letter to handwriting analysts.

High stem t - proud, low stem t - lacking long-range confidence, carefully formed t - dignified, a long cross bar - great willpower, dense or heavy cross bar - enduring or sustained willpower, a cross bar floating over the t stem - daydreamer, but a heavy and long floating cross bar could indicate a dreamer of visions like Bell or Edison.

Using printing rather than cursive writing indicates a personality undergoing growth and change; printing is difficult to analyze.

Kimball explained that handwriting analysis can give indications about a person's emotional make-up; however, this analysis is not used in an attempt at making predictions.

The Behavioral Science Club meets every Wednesday at noon in "C" building's third floor lounge.

by Linda Burns and Veronica Byrne

Would you like to unravel the never-ending mystery of those strange and sometimes haunting dreams you have? You'll have the chance this Wednesday, Nov. 24, when Mary Jane Gillespie is the featured speaker at the next segment of the Manage Our Lives series.

Gillespie is director of the Center for Women and Technical Careers, and a specialist in presenting workshops. She is also a specialist in the study of dreams.

She says, "By paying attention to the way your dreams often reflect upon issues of the day, you can learn more about yourself and feel greater control over your waking life. Dreams cover all of life. Anything can happen in them," she says.

Gillespie keeps a Dream Journal, consisting of a knee-high stack of notebooks. She has been practicing dream-keeping and studying dream phenomena for 11 years and in the process has become an "amateur expert" on the subject.

Asked if she interprets, she says she is not sure anyone can interpret others' dreams. The meaning of a particular dream belongs to the dreamer. Instead she introduces others to her "bag of tricks." "If one doesn't work, another



Mary Jane Gillespie.

-Rick Carpenito photo.

will," she says.

The workshop is intended to get other people to share their dreams. "Many don't like to talk about their dreams and are afraid no one really cares," she says. "I like to make them feel comfortable about being dreamers."

Gillespie, who lives in Newburyport, is also a free-lance writer.

Alcohol - a choice you make

by Bruce Ciaramella

A person really has to make a choice not to drink in today's society. Alcohol is available everywhere. In some circumstances, one could drink for the better part of the day without noticeably being out of place.

For many, a beer or mixed drink goes with lunch, or work around the house, or fixing the car. Others have wine with their meals. At the bowling alley, friends may suggest a few drinks at the nearest tavern. The point is that alcohol has become such an integral part of our social life that we often fail to recognize there are patterns that could lead to an alcohol problem.

Drinking is usually acceptable, any time, anywhere. A person who chooses to drink in the situations mentioned on a daily basis can develop problems.

The alcohol syndrome usually begins by affecting one psychologically. We often hear the expression, "I really could use a drink right now." People may express this desire for a drink after a grueling day at work or from the pressures at home. Others may remember as far back as their first school dance when they needed that extra bolt of confidence to ask the girl across the hall for a dance. With this in mind, it is feasible to say that alcohol can be a mood changer. Alcohol is also a depressant. A mild dose can create a sense of relaxation and a feeling of being free from the pressure that would otherwise inhibit the person.

In the beginning, alcohol produces a certain glow - that perfect buzz. With sufficient quantities over a long enough period, one begins to become psychologically addicted not in just one type of experience, but gradually to any situation where a mood change is required. Understanding addiction can be difficult, especially if it's within the circle of a loved one. The friend or relative can grasp the idea of addiction, but that doesn't explain why the person would drink enough to reach that point.

It's important to recognize that the effects of alcohol are immediate. Not only is alcohol a mood changer but it works very rapidly. Alcohol is a quick way to kill or camouflage unmet needs.

The psychological factor gradually

becomes one with a physical need. The compulsion for a drink progresses to the point that a drink is needed in any circumstance, including getting through the work day.

One who is physically addicted will have withdrawal symptoms if the drug is reduced or terminated. The easiest way to deal with these symptoms from the alcoholic's view, is to take another drink. Without this drink it would normally take three to four days for these physical symptoms to subside. Symptoms can include the hangover headache, agitation and tremors.

In chronic cases of alcohol abuse, the symptoms are worse and characterized by seizures, hallucinations and delirium tremors. Treatment is needed to help stabilize the patient.

Alcohol seizures usually occur between 24 and 48 hours after the alcohol is stopped, but can continue for up to one week after the last drink. After a seizure, which lasts two to five minutes, the person becomes tired and groggy for six to eight hours. The best treatment is to try to prevent injury by keeping the patient on his side to immobilize movement and permit better breathing.

When suffering hallucinations, the alcoholic hears voices or visualizes things that don't exist. This condition can result in the person doing harm to himself or others. Hallucinations do not always indicate any real psychiatric problem but are the physical response due to lack of alcohol.

The most severe symptom of alcohol withdrawal is Delirium Tremors, commonly called DT's. DT's are characterized by rapid heart beat, a quickened pulse and, most noticeably, prolonged body tremors lasting well beyond the normal three day recovery period. One out of every five alcoholics experiencing Delirium Tremors dies.

Alcoholism does not happen overnight but is a problem disease developing over a period of time. The cure also is not immediate; it takes a great deal of strength and course to change a life-style. Half the battle is won by recognizing the disease, third largest killer in the United States.



The beginning of a problem?

-Carl Russo photo.

Open house gets good response

by Mary Lynne Marnell

The Division of Social Sciences held its annual Fall Open House Wednesday, Nov. 17. Faculty from History and Government and Behavioral Sciences Department were present to encourage students to enroll in social science courses. Information was available for students interested in anthropology, history, government, psychology, sociology, etc.

Course syllabi, texts, films, and counseling were helpful to students interested in enrolling in social science courses in the spring semester. It was an opportunity for students to meet with the Social Science faculty. Coordinator of the program Cindy Johnson said, "We had an excellent turn-out."

Information was available on the new courses in paralegal studies for students

interested in law.

Dr. Beth Wilcoxson presented slides picturing her trip to Russia. Prof. Jim Bradley presented a demonstration of biorhythms which designate emotional, intellectual and physical sensitivity based on birthdates. Prof. Jim McCosh, who has published articles about the Middle East in local papers, was available for questions. Prof. John Guarino was there to discuss his course in Introduction to Law. Division Chairperson Usha Sellers, Assistant to the President Mary Wilson and Dean of Academic Affairs Robert McDonald were present.

It was announced that the first installation of members of Psi Beta, National Honor Society in psychology and for community and junior colleges, will be in February.

Photo Club sponsors exhibit

by Lynne Greenhow

President of the Photography Club Kevin McNally says there will be a photo exhibit representing the students' best work. It will feature both black and white as well as color photos.

Students should submit entries in a manila envelope, with name, address, and phone number on the back of each picture. They may be given to Advisor of

the Photography Club, Professor Robert Paul, E353. The deadline is Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 11 a.m.

The club will critique the photos. Selected pictures will be matted and displayed in the C building glass case beginning Jan. 25.

Variety



Carol Jansky, Learning Resource Center.

-Rick Carpenito photo.

Jansky sharing duties

by Jean Powers

Carole Jansky, assistant librarian at Northern Essex Community College, finds that job-sharing creates a "good balance" between work and motherhood. She says that "keeping her hand in the field" is important to her and that income from her part-time work "makes our lives easier," while the "grandmotherly-type" woman who cares for her 18 month old son, makes motherhood easier. "When I get him," Jansky says, "the babysitter's exhausted."

Originally, Jansky was hired to fill in for Linda Hummel-Shea, assistant librarian and coordinator for Technical Services, when she took maternity leave. Now, sharing duties with Hummel-Shea, Jansky's principal task is buying and evaluating periodicals and serials.

"The library will soon add about 50 periodicals to its collection of 386," Jansky informs, "as a result of student and faculty requests and donations." Collection development is one of her major concerns but she has others.

"The library is understaffed," she explains, "and we try to set priorities." Directing her activities "according to the needs of the library," Jansky substitutes at the reference and information desks, conducts tours, attends meetings, performs clerical duties and works with work study students. For a while, before Ruth Hooten was hired, Jansky was the reference librarian. Considering herself a "jack of all trades," she says she enjoys "filling in gaps, because it gives me a chance to work in all departments, except cataloguing."

At the beginning of the semester, the first priority was "getting students off to a good start, helping them find information and learn how to use the library's resources." Apparently, it paid off.

"There's been an enormous increase in services," Jansky reports.

Jansky became a college librarian as an indirect result of a Comprehensive Employment Training Act (CETA) job she held working with the elderly. After receiving a bachelor of arts degree in English at Boston State College, Jansky worked as Elderly Services Coordinator for the Medford Public Library. Taking movies and books to elderly housing units and nursing homes, she was introduced to the workings of a library and community work. She enjoyed that work but funding was cut off and the job ended.

Jansky wanted to stay in public services but in a less vulnerable situation where there would be "more continuity." Pursuing the interest she'd developed in libraries, she went to Simmons College to earn a master's degree in library science. While there, she worked as library assistant at North Shore Community College. Later, she held posts as head librarian at Essex Agricultural and Technical School and as reference librarian at The Watertown Free Public Library.

Jansky came to NECC last January. Glad that she chose library science, she says, "There are not many fields where you can work as a professional part-time." She says her 9:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. schedule and the "very cooperative situation" in which she works, give her the flexibility that make it possible for her to be "committed to both her job and family."

Jansky lives with her husband, Richard, and baby, Alexander, in South Hamilton, Mass., where they own a home. Commenting on her busy life and today's economy, she says, "At first we thought we'd tear out walls -- now we're just happy to get wallpaper up."

Preacher selling cars

by Karen Lord

You wouldn't know that he'd gone from being a Marketing Director for "Popeye's Famous Fried Chicken," a fast food company in New Orleans, to a car salesman at Lord Toyota in Weymouth, until you look at the many lines in between John Miller's life.

Seven years ago, John Miller became a "born again Christian." In 1977, he came to Scituate, Massachusetts, where he now lives with his wife and family. He was hired by WXNE-TV, also known as Channel 25, as the Operations Program Manager. When he was first hired, the station was non-existent. He was responsible for putting the station on the air and he did! At that time, WXNE-TV was owned by a Christian Broadcast Network.

After spending two and a half years at the station, Miller was no longer happy there. "When I first began working at the station, our primary focus was on the Christian Movement in New England," said John. He went on to say, "the station grew further away from the Christian outlook and leaned more toward the secular programming, for which I had very little interest." It became an obstacle between his working desires and his responsibilities to the station, so he resigned from his job.

From there he went to WQ-TV, Channel 68, in Boston. He worked at night as a sales manager. Once again, it was a compromising situation with programming. Mr. Miller didn't approve of the quality of the programs and left the job after a year. He spent the next few months just relaxing at home with his wife and spent much of his time preaching.

In 1980, John decided to sell automobiles. He went to work at Lord Toyota, where he is still employed as a salesman. "I like selling," said Miller.

"It's a good product and being a Christian-oriented man, I couldn't sell a product unless I was convinced that it was the best product for the money that's on the market."

Preaching is the center of John's life. He preaches every Sunday and attends church three or four times a week. He feels that he lives by the Bible and he explains himself by saying, "If the President of the United States were in this room and he asked me not to smoke I would respect his wish. Well, the Lord has asked me not to do the same, so why would I show the President the respect that I wouldn't show the Lord?"

Although preaching is John's first vocation, he has found a job that doesn't go against his principles and it is a job he does very well!

Poet is coming

English Prof. Bernard Horn has announced that Alan Feldman, poet, will appear at the college Wednesday, Dec. 1 at noon.

Feldman is the author of a collection of poems, *The Happy Genius*, which won the Elliston Book Award for 1978, and *Frank O'Hara, Twayne U.S. Authors Series* volume. He has recently published *The Personals*, a collection of poems printed variously in *The Poet's Choice: 100 American Poets' Favorite Poems*, *Choomia*, *Tendrill*, *Cincinnati Poetry Review* and *Ploughshares*.

Feldman, associate professor of English at Framingham State College, also conducts Seminars at Radcliffe College.

He has been the recipient of a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship and a Massachusetts Artists Foundation Fellowship.

For more information, see Dr. Horn, Classroom Building, Third Floor.

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book list is out

New bestseller

1. *The Hotel New Hampshire*, by John Irving. (Pocket, \$3.95.) Latest novel by the author of "Garp."
2. *The World According To Garp*, by John Irving. (Pocket, \$3.95.) Outrageous story of T.S. Garp.
3. *Garfield Takes The Cake*, by Jim Davis. (Ballantine, \$4.95.) Fifth book on the famous cartoon cat.
4. *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*, by Bruce Feirstein. (Pocket, \$3.95.) A hilarious guide to masculinity.
5. *Thin Thighs In 30 Days*, by Wendy Stehling. (Bantam, \$2.95.) How to tone up and thin down.
6. *Ogre, Ogre*, by Piers Anthony. (Ballantine/Del Ray, \$2.95.) The latest Xanth novel. Science Fiction.

7. *Spring Moon*, by Bette Bao Lord. (Avon, \$3.95.) A novel of China.
8. *What Color Is Your Parachute?*, by Richard Nelson Bolles. (Ten Speed Press, \$7.95.) Career and job guide.
9. *E.T.: The Extra Terrestrial*, by William Kotzwinkle. (Bertely, \$2.95.) Novel of the popular film.
10. *Rabbit Is Rich*, by John Updike. (Fawcett, \$3.95.) The saga of Harry Angstrom continues.

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Features

Bachelor tracking is made easy

by Faith Benedetti

Attention, bachelorettes: are you looking for the right man but haven't found one yet to meet your specifications? Well, girls, here's the big break you've been waiting for - Norma Nathan's *Book of Boston's Most Eligible Bachelors*.

Nathan, prominent in Boston social circles, and well-known for her gossip "Eye" column in *The Boston Herald American*, assumes the role of match-maker as well as any mom. She adds her own special blend of unrelenting wit and sarcasm to make the book entertaining as well as informative reading.

Reading like a virtual "Who's Who in Boston," Nathan's compilation contains a host of successful, attractive men (all of whom are in the five or six digit income brackets) in enough categories to fulfill any girl's dreams.

The prestigious "black book" lists the occupations, incomes, likes and dislikes, vital stats and general info (as well as pictures) of the 150 prospective mates, with their addresses and favorite nightspots.

Yes, there is something for everyone in this book, whether you like young and sexy or older and sophisticated (the two are interchangeable). Take for instance

Patrick Lyons. At age 28, the brown haired, blue eyed hunk owns two of Boston's premier nightclubs - *The Metro* and *Spit*, and describes his income as "healthy." Or 42 year old Martin Halper, vice president of a textile company. Martin owns four cars (a Mercedes, an Alfa Romeo, a Saab, and a four wheel drive truck) and feels his income is "excessive." Or better still, how about Teddy Kennedy? Yes - our senator may soon be eligible. After all, he did rake in \$395,466 last year (a mere pittance compared to the \$20 million he has coming to him in trusts.) Or Marvin Koppleman, a 52 year old diamond merchant who says his salary is "enough for a terrific karat cake."

Other available mates include Mark Buben, former Methuen football star, now a defensive linebacker for the Cleveland Browns; Mike Dukakis' son, John, an actor; Tony Berardini, general manager of WBCN and host of the show "Heavy Metal from Hell;" Scott Brown, winner of the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold contest; Boston Celtic Eric Feinstein; and Channel 4 reporter Dan Rea. The list of college pros, lawyers, ad execs, entrepreneurs and ne'er-do-wells goes on. Most went to school in the Boston area, Harvard being



-photos taken from "Boston's Most Eligible Bachelors"

the school of choice, but others drifted to the Hub in search of fame and fortune.

Obviously all have found what they were looking for - all they need now are the right ladies. What we want to know is

when is the next cocktail party, and is everyone invited? Come help me pick out a tiara, would you, darling? And do remind me to send my Galanos gown to the cleaners.

Do you have high self esteem or not?

by Heidi Boone

Most of us spend a great deal of time evaluating ourselves without being consciously aware that we are doing so. The *Psychology of Self-Esteem*, by Nathaniel Branden, is a unique book that attempts to explain why men and women need to understand how they judge themselves, how they go about forming an opinion, and how this can affect the outlook, and therefore, their lives.

An individual with a healthy sense of self-esteem, according to Branden, will never relinquish his "will to understand." Given the most dire circumstances, this individual refuses to go against his own knowledge. He develops a keen sense of self-confidence and self-respect. He feels he is worthy of living and capable of making mature decisions.

An individual with low self-esteem will find it hard to distinguish between clarity and senselessness. He will "blind" himself, according to the author, by pretending that the world is not

knowable. That person is easy to pick out in a crowd, because he lacks motivation, feels threatened by aggressive personalities, and is afraid to voice his opinions.

Of course, that is a simplified version of the characteristic differences between individuals with a high self-esteem and those lacking confidence in their own worth and ability. It is obvious that the attitude a person has will reflect his own ability to work, his friendships, his choice of a partner and his motivational skills.

The author believes that in order to develop to his fullest potential, an individual must feel "visible" with others. He must believe that others can be understood and that this feeling will be reciprocated.

The *Psychology of Self-Esteem* is an eye-opening powerful book. It was basically written as a guide to a higher level of self-understanding. Perhaps the book's purpose does not fully succeed but the concepts discussed provide satisfying reading material.

Starship invades Centrum

by John Rudis

The performance of Jefferson Starship Nov. 5 in Worcester's new Centrum brought a nearly packed crowd. It has been three years since they have been in the area.

The group started off with a thundering song "Ride the Tiger" and followed with a hard version of "Fast Buck Freddie." They basically played songs from their more recent albums, songs such as "Find Your Way Back," "Out of Control," "Jane," "Stranger," and their newest ballad "Be My Lady."

The Starship sang its songs note for note with great enthusiasm, with the exception of "Stranger" and "Light the Sky on Fire" in which the guitars overpowered the vocals on almost the entire song.

Grace Slick at 42 has aged gracefully. She was dressed in a black V-neck blouse and matching mini skirt with knee-high boots. While singing, she had a hypnotic spell of enchantment over the audience. Her voice was as powerful as ever and could send shivers through you. Her voice was almost identical to that of lead singer Mickey Thomas, making it natural for the pair to exchange parts singing "Somebody to Love," from Starship's ancestor group

Jefferson Airplane.

While the band rested, one member entertained the audience. Lead guitarist Craig Chaquicoa dressed in a total leather outfit that looked like he took it off Jim Morrison. Chaquicoa did the standard guitar moves, even using the guitar like a machine gun, playing it with his teeth.

The band came back and played a few more songs and then it was time for bassist Pete Sears to do his solo. He had the audience clapping to his beat which became perpetually faster and faster. Pete showed his versatility when he switched with David Friedberg to play the keyboards on certain songs.

The band's leader, Paul Kantner, looked very good after his operation over a year ago, although he didn't sing as much as Mickey. But when it came to his songs, he put all his heart into it, especially during the radical song "Stairway to Cleveland," asking everybody what they are going to do about everything from Reaganomics to love. The whole crowd joined him on the chorus, singing "We do what we want."

Starship came back for two encores, playing the classic "White Rabbit" from *Alice in Wonderland* and "Rock Music."

Macho smokers getting snuffed out in Marlboro Country

by Veronica Byrne

In 1975, a television production company in England set out to destroy an image and a myth. The image is that of the hard-riding hard-smoking cowboy. The myth is that of the health, virility and independence that the cowboy enjoys. The cowboy is the Marlboro Man.

The result of that effort, a 30-minute documentary entitled "Death in the West," was televised last Friday evening, Nov. 12, on Chronicle, the TV news magazine.

"Death in the West" was aired once in England before the Phillip-Morris Company took the film's producers to court in an effort to ban further broadcast of the film. In an out-of-court settlement, "Death in the West" was banned in England, and all copies were locked in a safe at the Phillip-Morris Company.

Six years later, a pirated copy turned up in San Francisco. This was the first time the film was shown on the East coast.

The film's narrator refers to "Marlboro Country," the American West, as "...the setting for the most successful cigarette advertising campaign ever."

"Death in the West" tells the story of six real cowboys who are smokers, five of whom have already died of lung cancer at an average age of under 60.

The remaining real-life cowboy,

64-year-old John Holmes, who lives in New Mexico, suffers from emphysema. His doctor confirms that his disease is a direct result of his smoking habits. The documentary shows him riding his horse across the plains of New Mexico with an oxygen tank attached to his saddle, connected to tubes that extend to his nostrils.

During an interview, Holmes, a heavy smoker for many years, describes the effects of his disease, "...it feels like someone has his fingers down in my chest cutting all the air passages off. After I rest a while, then it eases up and I go on." Holmes has had the disease for 10 years.

During a subsequent interview, his doctor cites the difference between lung cancer and emphysema, "Patients with lung cancer die in a matter of months or a few years. Those with emphysema linger on for many years. It's very common for them to have the disease and progressively deteriorate over 10, 15 years, miserable all the time. They actually lose their lungs, they disappear."

"Death in the West" also features interviews with two representatives of the Phillip-Morris Company, whose fastest growing, largest selling cigarette is the Marlboro brand. One official chain-smokes throughout the interview. The

other, a doctor who performs research for the company, makes himself look foolish with statements like, "You must be trying to get me to admit that cigarette smoking is harmful," and "The best way to avoid dying is not to be born, you know." He then compares smoking heavily to eating too much applesauce.

When the documentary was over, Chronicle examined the effects of cigarette advertising on the American public. They've found through a 1981 Federal Trade Commission report that advertising has become the issue between anti-smoking advocates and the cigarette industry.

Though TV ads for cigarettes were banned by Congress in 1971, with them went the public service announcements on the effects of smoking. It's been found that the ban may have hurt the cause more than helped it. The cigarette industry is still spending millions of dollars on advertising through billboards, magazine covers and supermarket posters. It's estimated that over half the billboards in America contain cigarette ads.

Also, according to the FTC report, health warnings on cigarette boxes are ineffective as a deterrent to smoking.

Dr. Jean Kilbourne, media analyst renowned for her precise inspections into the hidden messages of consumer advertising, calls a typical cigarette ad, "...a calculated subliminal appeal to our wants, fears and most secret desires." Dr. Kilbourne says that advertising links the cigarette with qualities and attributes such as maturity, sophistication, success, sexiness, athletic ability and virility. How many times have you opened a magazine to the tennis player, lighting up after a grueling match, or the sleek, sexy model standing before the construction site, holding the sleek, sexy cigarette?

According to Chronicle, recent statistics from the American Cancer Society show that the percentage of smokers in this country is dropping slightly, but that teen smoking in relation to adults is dropping less. Smoking habits of teenage girls are declining least of all.

In spite of the statistics, cigarette sales continue to boom. And the biggest jump is in low-tar brands. Says Dr. Tom Quinn of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, the attempt is to promote the so-called "safe cigarette." There is no safe cigarette today.

Features

NECCs' Steve Brown gets lead role in play



Steve Brown.

-Dan Lyons photo.

by Dan Lyons

He is what you might call a typical college student; he likes driving fast cars, partying with his friends, going out, and having fun. But Steve Brown, a 19 year

old NECC freshman from Andover, has something that makes him special. He's an actor, and a good one, at that.

Gene Boles, the man behind the school's theatre productions, says Brown

has "natural ability, a good sense of what's happening on stage, and an ability to keep his head when things go wrong."

Brown shone as the "chocolate cream soldier" in the NECC production of *Arms and the Man*. The role, his first large part, has led him into a job in a Boston play, which will debut in the spring of 1983.

"The only experience I had prior to coming to Northern Essex was a small part in a Shakespeare play at Andover High School," Brown says. "One day I just got to Northern Essex, saw a notice about the auditions, and I figured I'd try it out. Gene Boles asked me to read some lines, and asked me to come back. I went back, read some more script, and somehow got chosen for the part. I really thought I was pretty bad, but I guess he (Boles) liked it," he says.

The play turned out to be a lucky break for the young actor. "A man called who'd seen my picture and wanted to interview me," he says. "I read some lines, and he offered me the job."

When asked about the play, Brown admits that "I really can't say much about it right now. All I can say is that it's a very perverse, very modern play, written by a local writer, and it's being performed by a Cambridge group. I have the lead role, that of a 19 year old boy, in a modern comedy love affair satire."

The people producing the play are planning to "put the show on the road," and the traveling might mean a break from school for a while. Right now, Brown has many plans and high hopes for the future. "I'll finish one more term at NECC, and then either tour with an acting group, or head for California. If you have a positive attitude, and high expectations, you can make it," he says.

however, Brown is "still planning to go ahead with the Liberal Arts curriculum" that he intended to pursue when coming to NECC.

"I have considered acting as a profession," he says, "but I want to get out of normal theatre. I like to ad-lib. I'd like to be a talk show host, I think, or maybe try to get into movies."

Brown does admit to having some reservations about the acting profession. "The average salary is only \$5,000 a year, which isn't very good," he says. "If acting doesn't work out, then I guess I'll go into business. I have a natural sense of how to make money; I don't think you can learn that in a book."

He's already had a taste of the business world, as he buys and sells cars for fun and profit. "I also invest in the stock market, and I've had some luck there," he says.

He is apparently not discouraged by the shattered dreams of many who have "gone west," hoping for the best, only to find little work and less money. "You've got to do it, you've got to want it," he says. "One thing that I'm sure of, though, is that you're not going to make it around here."

"I really want to be an actor, even if it means going without for a long time, as long as I think that someday it will work out and I'll be successful. I want to be extremely wealthy," he says.

"I spend money foolishly. I don't have much, but when I do have it, it's gone. I just love to spend it. When I get a million dollars, half will be spent the first night," he says.

Ambitious words from an ambitious person. (I just hope I'm around when it happens.)

Gomes visits New Orleans

by Michelle Gomes

The Association of Community Colleges held their annual convention in New Orleans Oct. 11-16. This convention brings together trustees from all over the country to discuss the issues of running a community college. They have workshops which cover things such as: collective bargaining, how to help the president work with trustees, how to work effectively with student trustees, student financial aid, and a computer presentation.

There were 11 student trustees who represented students from all over the country. The student trustees laid the basic ground work to organize a network of communication so that future student trustees will have information on different community colleges and how they elect their student trustees. It also covers who is attending the convention, their arrival and other necessary information. This will save time so they can concentrate on various workshops. We also presented the ACCT board with a letter of appreciation for the workshops and giving us a foothold into the organization. A contribution was made by the student trustees into their condo fund.

The convention was held at the Marriott Hotel on Chart St. in the French Quarter. By day this section is a business center of the city and by night it is alive with a wide spectrum of night life. The city is very romantic. The architecture is of Spanish and French design. The buildings are breathtaking. They are made of brick or stucco.

Most have intricate iron work. Some have iron balconies with many hanging plants. The French have a simple uncomplicated lifestyle. The Spanish have a more intricate style, with floral and swirl design. The streets are lighted by old fashioned gas lamps. There are a multitude of shops, restaurants, and night clubs. The city is best known for its jazz, for jazz was born in New Orleans. When you hit Bourbon Street, you can hear a variety of music being played but jazz overshadows them all. One of the most famous clubs for jazz is Preservation Hall. The wallpaper is old and yellowed and is slowly peeling off the walls. The floor boards creak from age. The windows of the 200 year old building still have the original dirt on them. Inside it is very small and the seating space is limited. If you are lucky enough to find a seat on the floor, you are doing something. Every night is standing room only.

The band members are mostly older people in their 60's-80's. They play all types of jazz. I thought the blues was the best. There are several clubs that play jazz. You can hear Dixie or progressive, blues and just about any other kind imaginable. The streets are full of all



Michelle Gomes.

-Carl Russo photo.

types of people, sidewalk musicians, dancers and all other types of talent -- just walking down the street is amazing with all the different sights and sounds.

The restaurants are in abundance. New Orleans is famous for creole and French cooking. It's also well known for its seafood. A French restaurant that really impressed me was Antoine's. The food is fantastic. The main dining room is decorated with pictures of famous stars who have eaten there. Off to the side and upstairs there are special dining rooms, each with a special decor. We ate in Antoine's Mardi Gras room which had wall cases with jewelry displayed in them, donated by the queens of the parade. Along the walls there were pictures of all the queens throughout the years. We were given a tour of the restaurant. It was fascinating. There were about 10 small dining rooms each with its own style. There is a president's room with pictures of all the presidents who have eaten there, a magic room which can't be seen if the walls and doors are placed in a certain fashion. It was used in prohibition days to entertain dignitaries.

One of the most interesting things I found was their burial custom. Because the city is below sea level, when someone dies they can't bury the body because it might float, so they have large cemeteries which have tombs for each family.

When a person dies, the coffin is placed in the family tomb. If another family member dies, the previous remains in the tomb are added to the new coffin. There may be more than 100 people interred in the same tomb. When all members of the family die, the tomb is cleared and resold. But that is typical of New Orleans -- out with the old, in with the new.



Director of Research Tom Fallon.

-Carl Russo photo.

Tom Fallon is research director

by Phyllis Pucci

The Board of Trustees, at its Nov. 13 meeting, approved a position for Director of Research, to be filled by Tom Fallon, who has held the dual position of Director of Research and Assistant Director of Cooperative Education since 1981.

Fallon says this will allow him to concentrate on research for the college, and allow his replacement in Cooperative Education, Doug Wilkinson, to concentrate on placing students in cooperative education jobs.

"Although I will miss the student contact and interaction and the satisfaction that comes from placing students in their first jobs, I am happy to devote all my time to the research needs of the college," Fallon says. "It's hard to do research projects with students coming into the office requesting assistance," he explains.

The Director of Research position involves working with Title III, which is a federal government project. The main objective is the development of program planning, budgetary and evaluation model.

Fallon will fill research requests from the deans and the assistant to the president, which will support ongoing functions. "So that all information is consistent throughout the college," he

says, "all reports will be funneled through the Research Department."

Fallon resides in Lawrence and teaches part-time at NECC in the Computer Tech Department, Division of Continuing Education. He has a bachelor's degree in geriatric rehabilitation, and a master's degree in human physiology, both from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. He is also Chairman of the Overall Economic Development Council (OEDP), which is part of the Merrimack Valley Planning Commission in Haverhill.

In 1977 Fallon started working at NECC as a research assistant. In 1979 he went to Massasoit College in Brockton, Mass., as Director of Research and Development. Because of budget cuts which eliminated his position there, he left Massasoit and returned to NECC as Director of Research and Assistant Director of Cooperative Education.

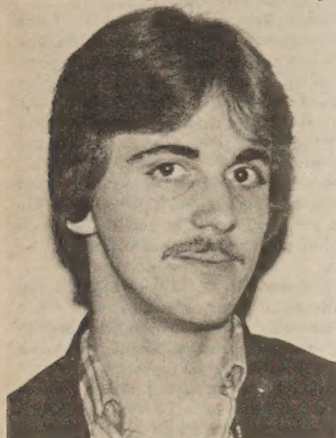
"My educational background in statistics, research methodology and computer programming will help me in my work here. Some of the research projects that I hope to accomplish are an attrition/retention analysis, which tells the college which students are leaving and why; a follow up on graduates; enrollment trend analyses; and traditional and non-traditional enrollment projections," Fallon says.

Variety

Feedback : Students show lack of interest in Creative Arts presentations

Question: Have you ever attended any of the events sponsored by the Creative Arts Series?

by Cathy Olson and Judy Sirski



Chris Keith, Liberal Arts: "No. This is my first semester here. I'll probably go to some of the events next semester."



Patricia Ogar, Unclassified: "No. This is my first semester and I work every night of the week. I don't have time for things like that."



Gail Couture, Word Processing: "No. I'm in the CETA program and just started school here last week. I don't know what is available yet."



Rebecca Pacini, Liberal Arts: "No. My schedule is kind of tight."



Andy Stahly, Computer Science: "No. I have never heard about them."



Denise Korzyniowski, Computer Science: "Yes. Last year, I saw Antigone. Gene Boles did a great job."



Michelle Gomes, Mental Health: "Yes. I went to Facets and thought it was very well presented although it was difficult to understand. Overall, though, the events presented are fantastic."



Dave Carter, Liberal Arts: "Yes. I saw the Gallaudet Dancers. It was a good time and I enjoyed the show. I'm also planning to go to the One Act plays."

Recommended student reading

The Restaurant at the End of the Universe, by Douglas Adams. (Pocket, \$2.95.) The hilarious successor to "The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy."

The Read-Aloud Handbook, by Jim Trelease. (Penguin, \$5.95.) A program to help parents, teachers and librarians make lifetime readers of children.

The National Air and Space Museum Volume One AIR The Story of Flight. Volume Two Space from Earth to the Stars, by CD.B. Bryan. [Peacock Press/Bantam, \$12.95 per volume.]

Program Board has hayride

by Jeff Wilson

The Student Program Board held a hayride Thursday, Nov. 18, followed by a coffee hour featuring special guest singer-songwriter John Flynn.

The ride began at the College Center and went around Kenoza Lake. Flynn

entertained the 18 participants with singing and guitar playing.

At the party after, cider, coffee and doughnuts were served.

The horses and wagon were from Ponderosa Pines Riding Club, Essex.

Drunk driving law may be unconstitutional

by David Dyjak

A Boston Globe story recently reported that the new Massachusetts drunk driving law, with stiff mandatory penalties for repeat offenders, has several flaws which may make the statute unconstitutional.

Some lawyers, judges, court clerks and district attorneys say the 70-day-old law is so legally questionable it faces the same fate as the state's emergency law for drug pushers, a law struck down two weeks ago as unconstitutional.

Of principal concern about the drunk driving law is its provision that counts the case of a drunken driver defendant's voluntary enrollment in an alcohol education program during the past six years as a first offense -- even though he was never convicted.

Under today's new law, second offenders must be sentenced either to seven days in jail or 14 days in an alcohol program. There is question about whether a defendant can be treated as a second offender when six years ago he had no

way of knowing this would be held against him.

Some lawyers are also questioning whether actual convictions for drunken driving which occurred before the new law can be legally counted as a first offense, although such a provision has been upheld in connection with the state's gun law. Other critics of the new law say any defendant charged with a second offense crime is entitled to two trials, one on the charge at hand, another on whether it is his second offense.

The apparent faults in the law are attributed by many lawyers to the haste with which it went through the legislature. There was much political and public pressure at the time.

Doubts about the law are being widely expressed in the legal community, the Globe said. A number of county bar groups have had seminars raising the concerns. There seems to be little doubt the law will be challenged.

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Sports

Women's basketball team victorious in Montreal

by Margaret Coll

The Women's Basketball team returned Monday, Nov. 15 from a weekend playing trip to Montreal. The team played three different college teams.

Sandy King, sophomore forward, was injured just before the team was to leave for Montreal. Her injury will not prevent her from playing in the regular season but it did prevent her from going on the trip.

"If there is any good to be derived from her injury," said Jack Hess, "it is the fact that I had an opportunity to see Jane Harrington play." Harrington, a freshman replaced King at the forward position.

The first game of the series was held on Friday, Nov. 12. The NECC team played against a prep school named Saint Sacrent whose players were, on the average, a few years younger than those from NECC. "We just out-manned them," said Jack Hess, "they were the weakest of the three teams we played." The leading scorers of the game were Fran Leeman, freshman forward with 16 points and Trisha Driscoll, a freshman who plays both forward and center, with 10 points.

The second game of the series was played on Saturday Nov. 13 against Montmorency College. The women's team found Montmorency's team a tougher opponent. At the half-time break, the Northern Essex team was down by ten points. The score was 27 to 37. In the locker room, Jack Hess talked with the players, trying to emphasize the importance of using well practiced "proven" plays. "I believe in doing a few things well," he said. "You don't have to do so many different plays; you just have to do certain plays effectively." The team regained its confidence and came back in to win the game by a score of 65 to 55.

The third game, played on Sunday, Nov. 14, was against Chaplain College. Chaplain's team played a man to man press throughout the entire game. "Chaplain was the toughest team we played," said Hess, "but our team demonstrated that they can play under

pressure." NECC's team was again losing at half-time, by a score of 16 to 24. But after half-time, the team came back to squeak by Chaplain by a score of 51 to 50. "Jane Harrington demonstrated that she can hit the boards," said Hess. "Her ability to make the offensive rebounds was the turning point of the game."

The high scorers of the game were Jane Harrington, freshman forward, with 15 points, Trisha Driscoll, freshman center, with 11 points, and Fran Leeman, freshman forward, with 10 points.

Hess' overall impression is that the trip was a success. "It accomplished what we wanted to accomplish," said Hess, "we found some weaknesses that we have to work on and some strengths we didn't know about."

"Trisha Driscoll and Fran Leeman distinguished themselves as a good combination. Their talents are beginning to surface. I believe they will be the pillars upon which we will build our offense," continued Hess, "Neither one can be intimidated."

"Donna Johnson, Annette Landry and Jodi Kasiewicz all showed a good combination of outside shooting and speed."

"Sue Bergeron and Robin Martell lent us bench strength that will be necessary for our 28 game schedule," said Hess.

Friday, Nov. 19, the Northern Essex Community College team played its first home game against Bristol Community College. The women's team won in what can be best described as a good old fashioned beating. The final score was 64 to 26. The leading scorers of the game were Trisha Driscoll with 15 points and Donna Johnson with 12 points.

The Women's Basketball team seems to be a well balanced team with a strong front line and a bench that's deep in talent.

The next really tough game is on Thursday, Dec. 3, against Roxbury Community College, a team that has proven to be very talented and very intimidating.



Weekend Warrior and Blackhawk fight for the ball.

-Carl Russo photo.



Goalie for Weekend Warriors stops scoring attempt by Blackhawk player. Blackhawks won 5-2.

-Carl Russo photo.

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Women's Basketball spring schedule

1/17	Mon	Essex Aggie	Home	6:00
1/20	Thurs	Hellenic College	Away	3:30 5:30
1/25	Tues	Mass. College Pharmacy	Home	6:00
1/29	Sat	Daniel Webster College	Home	5:00
2/1	Tues	Essex Aggie	Away	4:30 6:00
2/3	Thurs	Roxbury Community College	Away	4:30 6:00
2/4	Fri	Massasoit Community College	Home	6:00
2/7	Mon	Bristol Community College	Away	4:00 6:00
2/9	Wed	Middlesex Community College	Away	4:30 6:00
2/10	Thurs	Leicester Jr. College	Away	4:00 6:00
2/12	Sat	North Shore C.C.	Home	3:00
2/15	Tues	Mass. College of Pharmacy	Away	4:00 6:00
2/16	Wed	Becker Jr. College	Home	5:00
2/18	Fri	Rivier College	Away	5:30 7:00
2/22	Tues	Cape Cod Community College	Home	6:00
2/28	Mon	Emerson College	Home	7:00
3/3-3/5		G.B.S.C.C. Tournament		
		Quincy Jr. College		

Ski Club plans Dec. 11 trip

by Jean Powers

The Ski Club is planning this season's first trip for Dec. 11. At its Nov. 19 meeting, members voted to accept a package plan for Loon Mountain presented by London Harness Travel.

Members who have paid their \$15 annual dues by Dec. 7 will pay \$25 for the trip which includes bus transportation, lift tickets, and refreshments enroute. The charge for those who have not paid dues is \$33. To sign in, see Sue Smulski at the

Student Activities Office or Barry McGlew.

Members also decided to set up a booth in the cafeteria on All College Day for a bake sale to show two ski films and to solicit new members.

The next meeting will be Dec. 3 at noon. Watch for signs or contact Sue Smulski for information.

Dues may be paid to Joan Driscoll, Student Activities Bookkeeper, second floor, Library.

Football Club budget still uncertain

by Jeff Wilson

Jack Hess, Athletic Director of Northern Essex, and Vince Keough, Athletic Director at Whittier Vocational School, Haverhill, have each been asked to submit an itemized budget of the money needed to start a football club on campus. Their budgets will be sent to President John R. Dimitry, who will then come up with a figure to present to the student government.

Since Hess' estimated figure of \$32,000 differs from Keough's estimated figure of \$10,000-\$15,000, Dimitry has asked each of them to look into the matter, get prices on equipment, staff and other necessary costs before addressing other matters concerning the club.

Hess wants to be positive that there will be a "secure source of budget," not only to start the club but to keep it going in future years. "I am worried that the invested capital will be lost if the club falls through," Hess says.

He adds, "I am in favor of anything that will promote student involvement but this is my full-time job and I must act responsibly."

While working on his budget, Keough is trying to minimize expenses without "cutting corners concerning safety."

Keough said, "I will get bids from different companies concerning the purchase of equipment. We will not necessarily take the lowest bid, but the one most suited for our needs."

He finished by saying, "I agree that this must be done right."

No further action will take place concerning the issue until both budgets are in.

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Correction

The last issue of the Observer reported the cost for day trips would cost each student \$8. Sorry, but it's not that cheap. The \$8 amounts to the reduction of cost per trip for each student.



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